The Nation.

March 5, 1988 $1.25; U.K. £1

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EDITORIAL

THE POWER THIS TIME

Black Americans have suffered brutal racist attacks in every generation, despite the rise and fall of movements for equality or integration. Bernhard Goetz's shooting of four blacks in the subway, the white gang assault on blacks in Howard Beach, the vicious rape reported by a young upstate New York woman (involving an alleged cover-up by white officials), ugly incidents on college campuses and hundreds of less heralded cases make a depressing record of white society's inability to obliterate the cultural and political consequences of black enslavement.

But there is a new urgency in the response of blacks to those recent attacks, and on a deeper level, a new commitment to engage all structures of American life that specify race as a defining factor of privilege. The struggle this time is immensely complicated by the failures of the past. For instance, much of the momentum of the movement twenty years ago was stopped by a combination of murder and co-optation. Radical leaders were gunned down and moderates were given a place in politics or "programs" designed to dull the edge of discontent. The Democratic Party, which was the target of one of the great protest campaigns of the period—the fight of five black women to be seated as the Representatives of Mississippi in the U.S. Congress—created tantalizing openings for blacks who would accept token leadership roles and who would join in the general condemnation of their less obliging comrades.

Suddenly, tokenism and accommodation are no longer enough. Blacks are demanding a share of command and control over the terms of struggle and reform that have long been in the hands of liberals. The fire this time may not be fire at all but an explosion of politics and strategies to achieve real power in a system that still refuses to be reconstructed.

JACKLEG PREACHERS
Nicholas von Hoffman

THOUGHT COPS
Christopher Hitchens

THE MARINE SPY FANTASY
Michael Rogin

ASHES AND DIAMONDS
Daniel Singer

CPAC CONFAB
David Corn

RAYMOND WILLIAMS
E.P. Thompson
Edward W. Said

A COUNTRY UNDER SIEGE

COLOMBIA CAN'T KICK DRUGS ALONE

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogotá

"Sons of bitches, kill me, kill me!" the injured Attorney General screamed as his attackers dragged him from his car. Shot in the chest, back and foot, Carlos Mauro Hoyos Jimenez was carried off to a Medellín bunker of the Colombian cocaine mafia, where he agonized for seven hours before his captors blew his brains out with a machine gun. Hoyos's driver and bodyguard had been shot to death on the highway to the Medellín airport, where the mafia's *sicarios*, or paid assassins, had intercepted his car.

On the same day, in late January, Medellín police stumbled onto another hideout, where Andrés Pastrana was being held. Son of former Colombian President Misael Pastrana and a leading candidate for Mayor of Bogotá in the country's upcoming municipal elections, Pastrana had been kidnapped the previous week from his party headquarters by a band of armed men. Pastrana believed he was to have formed part of a group of politically prominent hostages, including Attorney General Hoyos, which the cocaine cartel had hoped to use to force the government to refuse to extradite drug traffickers to the United States. But the *sicarios* proved bloodily inept in their seizure of Hoyos, and his abduction triggered a manhunt in the environs of Medellín, the cartel's headquarters. An anonymous tip-off led to the discovery of Pastrana, who had been flown from Bogotá to Medellín by helicopter. All but one of his eight guards fled the place at the approach of the police, leaving behind an enormous cache of arms and military and police uniforms. Nevertheless, the "Extraditables," as the drug cartel's

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EXCHANGE.

DAVIES ON DAVIES

London

Jon Wiener's article "When Historians Judge Their Own" [Nov. 21, 1987] cannot fail to provoke widespread sympathy for Stanford's unhappy historians. It was bad enough for them to be championed by the less than charitable observations of Lucy Dawidowicz in the March 1987 issue of *Commentary*. But for them to be exposed to the full weight of Jon Wiener's support must surely bring them to the pits of professional embarrassment.

Wiener belongs to the relatively small school of historians who believe in judging their colleagues' work on the basis of one sentence. (At Stanford, the decisive majority is at least thought to make its judgments on the basis of a whole chapter.) Wiener may give the appearance of evaluating Davies's scholarship as a whole. In fact, in a piece of some 3,000 words, he makes accurate reference only to the one offending sentence: "To ask why the Poles did nothing to assist the Jews is rather like asking why the Jews did nothing to assist the Poles." Wiener thinks that the offending sentence gives proof of its author's incompetence. He also thinks that the offending sentence is equivalent to a "thesis that Poles were as helpless as Jews under the Nazi occupation." Anyone with a moderate grasp of English can see that the offending sentence cannot be so construed.

I do not believe that Wiener has ever read Davies's book, or, if he did try to read it, that he is capable of understanding it. In his summary of the lawsuit against Stanford, Wiener demonstrates his great capacity to garble straightforward issues. Five of the nine grounds for action are not even mentioned. Wiener began by stating that Davies "had accepted a visiting professorship . . . for 1986 after being assured that the department would vote him a $70,000-a-year chair . . . after his arrival." Nowhere has it ever been claimed that such assurances were given. Wiener started as he meant to go on.

Much depends on Stanford's adherence or nonadherence to accepted academic procedures. Stanford's academic search committee unanimously recommended Davies's appointment. At the faculty meeting called to discuss the recommendation on January 8, 1986, no member of Stanford's faculty spoke against it. Davies was then told that the faculty vote had been unanimously in favor and was informed in writing on behalf of the dean that the appointment would go ahead, subject to the normal confirmation by the board of trustees. Thereafter, when conflicting information emerged, Davies was left in suspension by the Stanford authorities, stranded in the wonderland of the farm, denied any form of internal hearing and formally excluded from the established process of grievance and appeal. In due course, after the suit had been filed, a letter of explanation signed by the Stanford provost confirmed the worst suspicions, namely that the appointment had been abandoned because of criticism focused on Davies's alleged "insensitivity" and "partisanship" on the topic of Polish-Jewish relations. Stanford, in obstructing all discussion, is claiming to act in defense of "academic freedom." But many people will wonder whether a university that requires its search committee to substantiate its deliberations with the most elaborate documentation, but permits associates and untenured assistants to overturn a senior appointment in secret, with no accountability, is really not confusing freedom with license.

Many of Wiener's mistakes can be traced to his careless repetition of unverified misquotations from earlier press comment. His repetition of the story of the "six Jewish professors," for example, which was first wrongly reported in the *Stanford Daily*, shows the same journalistic expertise of that great British newspaper *The Observer*, which related how a "heavy-set, jovial Welshman" had been victimized at Stanford by a "Jewish plot." (Davies, a slim, morose, Lancastrian, has been trying to live down his reputation for joviality ever since.) Surely, it is not beyond the wit of the press to see the difference between the absurd idea of a Jewish plot, organized by some nonexistent juniors of Zion, and the very real possibility of a surprise maneuver that tosses the emotive subject of Jewish history into the ring in order to sow dissension.

Most of Wiener's errors are the fruit of pure invention. In his long discourse on Polish-Jewish relations during the war, he consistently invents statements, which he casually attributes to Davies before attacking them with all the appearance of genuine debate. If the technique weren't so pathetically obvious, one could take it for the work of a practiced defamer. Davies says that two plus two makes three, therefore Davies's scholarship must be rejected. The fact that Davies does not actually say most of the things attributed to him will be lost on everyone except the few who check the attributions systematically against Davies's original text (see appendix). [*Editor's note: Space limitations preclude printing Davies's appendix. Readers desiring a copy should write to* The Nation.]

For example, Wiener talks of "Davies's evidence that the Polish people are very 'tolerant.'" In reality, Davies presents no such evidence, because he has never claimed that the Poles were more or less tolerant than anyone else. What he did do on one occasion, in the November 20, 1986, *New York Review of Books*, was to quote mischievously the ironic comment of a second person, Marek Edelman, who did say, without intending it to be taken literally, "The Polish people, as you well know, is [*sic*] a tolerant people." So what? Davies's own view is perfectly clear. Talking of the history of toleration in Poland, he wrote in *God's Playground*, "the spirit of tolerance was as rare a virtue as elsewhere."

Wiener's grasp of the realities of wartime Poland does not rise above the stereotypes of the average TV docudrama. He shows no interest in the non-Jewish victims of Nazi genocide and, like Claude Lanzmann's *Shoah*, no awareness of the policies that isolated the Jewish population from outside support prior to the adoption of the Final Solution. It is a fine illustration of "Holocaust illiteracy." Wiener insists that the failure of the Poles to intervene against the Nazis' destruction of the Jews was due to anti-Semitism. He makes no reference to the failure of the Poles to prevent the Nazis' destruction in occupied Poland of 3 million to 4 million Soviet prisoners of war. Was that due to anti-Semitism? He makes no reference to the failure of the Poles to prevent the destruction of over 3 million Polish Catholics. Was that due to anti-Semitism?

Wiener's comprehension of Soviet conduct during the currency of the Nazi-Soviet pact is equally limited. The Great Stalin can rarely have been given such plausible excuses since he was flattered by Goebbels. But nowadays, in the era of *glasnost*, not even the Soviet media maintain the pretense that the Soviet Union passed 1939 to 1941 preparing to wage war on Germany. In reality Stalin used those years in the same way that Hitler did—to invade, and then to digest his neighbors: first eastern Poland, then Finland, then Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Rumania.

Wiener's main method of political analysis seems to be a form of vulgar dialectic, which would raise eyebrows even in Albania. He classifies everyone in terms of pro- and anti-. The Poles are considered "anti-Semitic." The Polish Jews who welcomed the Russians in 1939 were "not anti-Polish—they were anti-German and anti-Fascist." One is led to assume that the Russians, too, were somehow pro-anti-German and pro-anti-Fascist, even when Stalin was working closely with Hitler, also that they were somehow pro-Semitic (left-wing) at a time when Stalin was still killing all the Jewish Communists in Poland he could capture. Unfortunately, Wiener also reveals that the Poles, who were "potentially pro-German," in practice fielded the "largest" anti-German underground army in Europe. In short, the wretched Poles turn out to be both pro- and anti-German; they were non-anti-Polish, of course, while being anti-Fascist like the Russians and the Jews, and hence, presumably, anti-anti-Russian and anti-anti-Semitic. No wonder they lost the war.

By all accounts, Wiener considers himself a member of the left, although many of his views are manifestly ethnocentric, chauvinist and conventionally right-wing. He gives *The Nation* a piece based on arguments from

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Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager,* Neil Black; *Advertising Director,* William Duke; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art /Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director,* Sarah Perl; *InterNation Manager,* Phillip Frazer; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director,* Sandra Zickefoose; *Syndication,* Jeff Sorensen; *Newsstand Sales Manager,* Jay Pearsall.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1988 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau*: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $67. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

The Devil Did It

Pat Robertson has been hedging about the Antichrist. Only a few years ago Robertson wrote that he believed the Evil One had been born and was walking among us (and if you saw the movie *The Omen III*, he bears an uncanny resemblance to Robertson). But in a recent discussion of Christian eschatology with the reporters of *The Boston Globe*, Robertson confessed he was no longer so sure that the final countdown had started. Candidates will do anything to win. Bob Dole writes a check to the *contras*; Robertson distances himself from the Fiend.

Now the former Reverend has new cause for alarm. The revelations of Jimmy Swaggart's sexual kinkiness came at such an inopportune moment that Robertson suspects a higher power is responsible. "Nothing happens . . . by accident," he told the Anderson, South Carolina, *Independent Mail*. "It is kind of funny this came up two weeks before the most important primary in the nation. Somebody else planned all these things, I am afraid."

Whether that certain somebody is a man with 666 tattooed on his head and a pack of snarling Rottweilers by his side, or merely George Bush in an antic mood, is for the doctors of theology to decide in years hence. But it is true that Robertson will be hurt by yet another exposure of fundamentalist hypocrisy. Robertson projects his campaign from a platform of Victorian values and repressed behavior, and any flaws in the fundament are sure to weaken the political superstructure.

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Even without the apocalyptic dimension, the race for the Republican nomination has turned hot and nasty as the candidates roam the dark regions of the white South in search of 803 delegates, about two-thirds of the majority needed by a candidate to win this summer in New Orleans. In the sixteen states with Republican primaries on Super Tuesday, George Bush has the organization and the prestige of an incumbent, and his popularity has risen slightly since his victory in New Hampshire. Dole, on the same hand, has dropped in the South since his high point after the Iowa caucuses.

Shifting his centrist strategy slightly, Dole is emphasizing what he claims is his natural affinity for the Republican right, against Bush's closet Rockefellerism. "He's one of us"—Dole's slogan in the Midwest—takes on a different meaning as he picks up endorsements from South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond and as he campaigns in South Florida's counterrevolutionary communities with *contra* honcho Adolfo Calero at his elbow. Dole is also pressing the Carolinas' other radical rightist, Jesse Helms, to join his bandwagon. And with his Southern-born wife, Liddy, on the stump, he might wilt Bush's bloom.

The natural alignments of Bush and Jack Kemp as one pair, and Dole and Robertson as another seem to be solidifying as the Republican campaign continues into the spring. Where Dole has no hope in the South, his supporters are encouraging a big Robertson vote to siphon strength from Bush. Kemp, who may not even last the race to Super Tuesday, is campaigning against Dole and Robertson, in the interests of Bush. Some of Kemp's New York people are now getting serious about putting their man up against Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan in November—if Bush doesn't pick Kemp as his running mate.

However any of this works out in the next five months, it's clear that the successful coalition of rightist and centrist sectors that the Republicans have used to rule America for eight years has fallen apart and will have to be refashioned, with different power relationships among the parties. The best the party of the Reaganites can hope for now is a junior partnership in a Bush or Dole presidency; the worst they worry about is to be shut out of power for eight years or more of Republican or (gasp!) Democratic rule. Then we'll see how fast they look to the Apocalypse for explanations.

Jackleg Preachers

Jimmy Swaggart, in image and manner, is part of the very eidos of a broad swath of American Protestantism. The way his suit jacket hangs unbuttoned when he really sets to preaching, his tie askew, holding the leather-bound Bible open in the upraised palm of a big hand, jaw jutting, his voice coming off the walls. The first hot blast of the Second Coming, Jimmy can instill a sense of sin in grown-up nonbelievers, sending them back to the tongue-in-groove, flat-boarded, hell-and-repentance churches of childhood memory. Jimmy is straight out of the molten, precognitive core of guilty fears, Sunday schools and the panic for grace and redemption.

In the end he was Jimmy Jackleg, which is part of the eidos too. The jackleg clergy, they preach so good they turn themselves on. God's live wire electrifying the congregation, bouncing on the sanctuary carpet, sparks, spasms and shrieks. Speaking in unknown tongues, bodies twitching like their nerves were pulled by the Holy Ghost, all the ecstasies, spiritual, corporeal and carnal, blend till the believers are kicking on the floor with the white light of grace making their bodies go spastically rigid, and the vision of heaven and the orgasms of hell are mixed—faith and feeling past separating, and penetrating the white light behind the gold altar cross is the preacher's voice demanding, forcing, insisting you take Jesus for your personal, loving savior.

Religion has had its sexy, Dionysian aspects, up in the choir behind the organ, as bacchanal as any in classical antiquity; taste again the tormented sensualities of American Protestantism making scuffling sounds in the back pews. Since John Wesley's time in the eighteenth century there has been a place for ministers he-ing and she-ing and even he-ing and he-ing. Nobody much minds and everybody gets over it unless the jackleg of the hour has gotten too impossibly loud and morally legislative. Then there always is a blowup and a scandal like the one that brought on the fall of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. From his pulpit at Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, he had come to personify Protestant rectitude, until the day in 1874 when he was sued for adultery by the husband of a parishioner.

Yea, verily, kids, there is more rejoicing in heaven at the fall of one ordained horny, hypocritical holy man than in the salvation of one hundred of the just. Ah, but there is a special pleasure in the fall of Jackleg Jimmy, for this boy had put himself on sex patrol, denouncing through uplink and downlink on 10 million television tubes that which he was aching to do himself. Perhaps it was relative humanism that got to him; maybe when he was a little boy an adult woman took him off behind the building to whisper situational ethics in his tender ears. Maybe he became a secret convert to relativism even while preaching standard-brand fire and brimstone. It could be that he thought relativism meant it was O.K. for him to do it, but not Jimmy Bakker or Marvin Gorman, the fellow Louisiana minister he rode out of the denomination by accusing him of diddling twinks.

Old Jackleg had become an avenging Tenth Commandment Christian. The Tenth Commandment was written for ordained moralists with big appetites like his: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's." The Reverend Gorman, apparently out for revenge and knowledgeable in the ways of the jackleg clergy, reportedly stationed a photographer outside a motel, waiting for Jimmy Swaggart to turn up. He guessed that if he caught Jimmy offending the Decalogue it wouldn't be because Jimmy was out on a Saturday night ox-coveting. No siree, Bob; the story, as it has filtered into the public prints, has Jimmy Swaggart spurning the ox for the ass, or more precisely for the hooker. The ecclesiastical Nikon clicked and got a picture of Jimmy walking into a room with a strumpet,

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which, children, is not the instrument the Angel Gabriel will blow on Judgment Day.

Snitch or snatch, Jimmy was recorded on film, but according to *The Washington Post*, which claims a source deep within Jimmy Swaggart World Ministries Inc., it ain't what you think. They didn't actually do it together. According to the source, since childhood the Reverend Swaggart has had a "fascination with pornography and pornographic literature." The newspaper writes that Jimmy only "paid her to perform pornographic acts." What effect did pornography have on Jimmy Swaggart? Would he have become a sex offender, even a rapist, without them pitchurs or did he become a sex offender with 'em?

There is much about this case we may never know, because Swaggart has adopted the quick-confession-and-public-tears tactic. The man who formerly was God's bully, the Christian hit man, gave the public one big weepy act of contrition and none of the succulent details. Contrast this with the Jim Bakker reaction of hiding and silence while every day yet another entertainingly salacious incident was brought to light by the indefatigable truth hounds of our emancipated mass media.

In any event, before Jackleg Jimmy mounts the pulpit again, he might remember the advice of the Victorian moralist Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–1861) on how to keep the Ten Commandments in comfort:

> Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive
> Officiously to keep alive.
> Do not adultery commit
> Advantage rarely comes of it.
> Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
> When it's so lucrative to cheat.
> Thou shalt not covet: but tradition
> Approves all forms of competition.

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Nicholas von Hoffman is author of Citizen Cohn *(Doubleday), published this month.*

The Oil Fee Scam

Ronald Reagan rejects it. Jack Kemp ran TV ads in New Hampshire criticizing two of his opponents for favoring it. Two years ago the Senate, by a 4-to-1 margin, voted it down. Consumer groups oppose it. The Chamber of Commerce thinks it's a terrible idea. Even the nation's largest trade association of independent oil producers says it's not worth fighting for. So why are some candidates calling for an oil import fee?

Before answering this question, it is important to understand what an oil import fee is and what it would do. Simply stated, it is a tax placed on oil imported into the United States from foreign suppliers. By placing a tax of $5 per barrel, as some candidates have suggested, the Treasury could collect about $9 billion a year in new revenue. An import fee, they say, will promote conservation, help the United States reduce its growing dependence on foreign oil and thus protect national security. And the fee will allow U.S. oil producers to raise their prices by $5 a barrel as well—which is the real intent of the program.

What candidates Richard Gephardt, Gary Hart, Paul Simon, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, Albert Gore and at least one Republican don't say is that a $5 per barrel oil import tax will increase the cost of oil and other fuels by more than $40 billion annually; will jack up the average family's fuel expenditures by $200 a year; will hurt the trade positions of the petrochemical, plastics and metals industries and other exporters; will drive up inflation by 1.5 percent; and will increase unemployment by about 230,000 workers.

As an energy policy, it would stimulate the drilling of unnecessary and uneconomic wells in the United States—a policy of draining America first—instead of conserving our diminishing store of oil reserves for as long as possible. An oil import fee is not just bad energy policy, it is also a bad deficit-reduction policy. The struggle for a balanced budget ought not be achieved at the expense of damaging an already fragile economy. Excise taxes and oil import fees are inherently regressive, falling disproportionately on low- and moderate-income families. Moreover, by reducing economic activity, an import fee will reduce Federal income-tax receipts and lead to increased social welfare payments. It is also bad trade policy. It will impose higher costs on U.S. industries now regaining some of their lost foreign markets and will punish U.S. neighbors and allies who sell us oil.

There are many other policies and programs that could reduce growing dependence on oil imports without causing such severe damage to the economy: requiring the production of more fuel-efficient automobiles, posting a stiff tax on gas-guzzlers, establishing a comprehensive national conservation and renewable energy program. But it is one special-interest group—a few thousand oil producers in Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and some Western states—that the candidates seek to placate, deeming it critical to their "Southern strategy." An import fee would foster a price hike not only in oil but in natural gas and other fuels. If the import fee was set at $5 a barrel, oil produced in the United States would increase in cost by $18.2 billion and natural gas by $13.3 billion a year.

For any candidate to promote a welfare program for a handful of U.S. oil producers is bad enough; to elevate such a giveaway to the level of a national energy policy debases political discourse and betrays progressive values.

EDWIN ROTHSCHILD AND ROBERT M. BRANDON

Edwin Rothschild is assistant director and Robert M. Brandon is executive director of the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition.

ENTER SEXISM, VINDICTIVE

Readers should know that Edward Sorel's cartoon in this issue appears despite the strong protest of thirty-four staff members. We are outraged that sexism is still a respectable prejudice, especially in a left magazine.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

A continuing theme in the tenure of Ronald Reagan, the President of Laughter and Forgetting, has been the steady politicization of the Justice Department. Henchman in this process has been Edwin Meese 3d, who showed himself an adept at law-bending during his spell as White House counselor and was duly rewarded with the post of Attorney General. When the history comes to be written, it will show that the pardon of W. Mark Felt and Edward Miller was the symbolic first act of a generalized subversion of the Constitution.

Felt and Miller were senior F.B.I. officers, arraigned for break-ins and other violations of the Fourth Amendment protection against arbitrary search and seizure. They were convicted of these Watergate-era crimes in the very month Reagan was first elected. Instinctively sympathetic to their plight, Reagan asked Meese to gather material on their case even before his inauguration. In early 1981 the President extended a full and unconditional pardon. As he put it so affectingly, speaking of the two lawless political policemen:

> Their convictions . . . grew out of their good faith belief that their actions were necessary to preserve the security interests of their country. The record demonstrates that they acted not with criminal intent, but *in the belief that they had grants of authority reaching to the highest levels of government*. [Emphasis added.]

At the time, a few civil libertarians whimpered that this was the wrong kind of "signal." It wasn't a signal at all, but more an order of the day. One need only compare documents detailing the F.B.I.'s energy in pursuing the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador with depositions regarding the aborted Miami investigation of *contra* activity.

Consider first a subliterate report from the F.B.I. field office in Mobile, Alabama, dated January 4, 1984. An agent proudly informs the director that "investigation disclosed that on 11/29/83, a Mobile radio station, WKRG, ran a two-hour program featuring one Dr. Steve Schaeffer, a professor of Pharmacology." That breathtaking piece of sleuthing was followed by this description of Schaeffer's political views:

> He advised that his group is fighting against the oppression and that CISPES is backed by the Catholic Church and other groups. He advised that it is his contention that President Reagan in the U.S. foreign policy is supporting the wrong side. He cited the main reason for this was the trauma of the U.S. foreign policy during the Jimmy Carter years. Schaeffer contended the Salvadorian [*sic*] army is losing the war.

Agents of this quality were encouraged in a cable dated May 29, 1984, from F.B.I. Director William Webster to the Jacksonville and Miami field offices. It reads, after deletions:

> Jacksonville's aggressiveness in approaching this investigation is appreciated by FBIHQ. . . . Authority to conduct physical surveillance on the Florida State University campus for the purpose of identifying leaders of CISPES and their activities as they concern the CISPES investigation is authorized.

Now turn to the case of Assistant U.S. Attorney Jeffrey Feldman, at all material times a deputy to Leon Kellner in the Southern District of Florida. Feldman, aided by the F.B.I.'s Kevin Currier, had amassed evidence of what Currier, in a deposition to the House committee on the Iran/*contra* affair, called "gun-running, contras, the plot against the ambassador." In early 1986, Feldman learned of a plot to murder U.S. Ambassador to Costa Rica Lewis Tambs and blame it on the Sandinistas. He also drew up a chart that seemed to describe an organized attempt to circumvent the Boland amendment. According to Agent Currier:

> There were names in descending order from Rene Corvo, on top of Corvo's name was John Hull, on top of Hull's name was Robert Owen, and on top of Mr. Owen's name was Oliver North.

How did Justice's men in Florida respond to this prima facie evidence of criminality? Agent Currier again:

> Nothing happened. Nothing. We became aware later that Mr. Kellner told Mr. Feldman not to do anything on the case until he made a decision on the Prosecutive Report.

Feldman's own deposition, made on April 30, 1987, and just released, bears out Currier's story. On the preceding August 29, Feldman reports, he went to his superior and said:

> Look, I have to know. They want to know. They have been waiting. They are being persistent. He told me at that point sit on the case until he gets back from Washington, D.C. Politics are involved. I said to him, Leon, that really upsets me. . . . I said to you, why are you telling me politics are involved when you told me politics aren't a factor for you to consider?

The stalling from on high allowed North at least six months to continue his lethal "resupply" operation, and culminated in Edwin Meese's now-celebrated press conference in November 1986. Not one statement made there by the Attorney General was truthful, and his important claims were, without exception, gross and deliberate lies. Four days earlier, on November 21, at about noon, with revelations breaking almost hourly, Meese met with Webster and said that he would not require the assistance of the F.B.I., because there was no indication of criminal activity. Webster must have been relieved, since this freed his agents to continue their serious work of infiltrating and bullying church and campus groups, none of them implicated in any crime.

The laugh seems to be on two types of people. The first are those who believed that Judge Webster took a clear professional view of his duties and did not permit the vulgar intrusion of politics. No doubt he will uphold the same precepts from his new desk at the C.I.A. The second are those naïve junior public servants who thought "politics" was a dirty word that should not pollute their "objective" investigations. What the record shows is an intensely political police force, programmed to think of dissent as crime and crime as patriotism. Where did it get this idea? From the President of Laughter and Forgetting himself.

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Enter Queen Lear, Triumphant

EDWARD SOREL

OH! I'M SO EXCITED! MY MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN OVER 40 IS OUT AT LAST!
LEARS
MEN SAID THAT A WOMAN WITH NO EXPERIENCE COULDN'T DO IT.
BUT I DIDN'T CHOOSE TO PLAY BY THEIR RULES. I JUST WENT AHEAD AND DID IT!
I HOPE MY SUCCESS WILL INSPIRE OTHER WOMEN TO DARE TO BE GREAT!
ALL A WOMAN NEEDS IS VISION, DETERMINATION AND...
...A VERY RICH HUSBAND WHO'LL GIVE HER...
...$112 MILLION FOR A DIVORCE...
...THEN SHE CAN BREAK ALL THE RULES SHE WANTS.

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ARTICLES.

THE MARINE SPY FANTASY

Sex, Secrets and American Virtue

MICHAEL ROGIN

"The worst security breach in embassy history," read a *Newsweek* headline on April 13, 1987, "leaves U.S. officials playing three blind mice." American marines stationed in Moscow, the newsmagazine explained, "had been seduced by Soviet women in a classic KGB 'honey trap'" and had allowed Soviet agents to "roam through the embassy." The marines had placed Americans in the position of the three blind mice. The Russian women were apparently the farmers' wives who cut off our tails.

The "sex-for-secrets" scandal, as a *Time* cover story of April 20 dubbed it, evoked the longstanding American myth in which female entrapment compromises national security. This Moscow scandal added another, familiar, modern ingredient, electronic invasion. Sex, that most bodily, private and intimate of human activities, and technology, that most disembodied and impersonal, are normally completely opposed. American spy stories join them together, however. Mixing electronic and sexual invasion brings espionage home and, in an otherwise distant and unfamiliar universe, makes politics personally disturbing. Sex as surveillance, or so the spy novels and war movies say, places private exposure in the service of national betrayal.

Consider John Wayne. The actor played a Marine Corps hero in *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, invulnerable to female influence. But the cold war paralyzed fighting men and placed the emphasis on military intelligence. In the cold war film *Jet Pilot*, Janet Leigh, the Soviet agent, masquerades as a helpless woman to get John Wayne in her power.

If John Wayne could fall, what chance had the young marines assigned to guard the U.S. Embassy in Moscow? Far from home, without families, forbidden either to fraternize or to fight with the enemy, the men protecting America in the heart of the alien empire were vulnerable to Soviet seduction. "Take a group of U.S. marines, average age early 20s," Ted Koppel suggested on the March 31, 1987, edition of *Nightline*. "Add a young and attractive Russian woman who worked as a receptionist at the U.S. Ambassador's residence. What evolved is now being described as an intelligence disaster. Two marines have been charged with espionage; a third was arrested today. The entire twenty-eight-man marine detachment at the embassy in Moscow is being rotated back to the United States."

Clayton Lonetree, a sergeant and an American Indian, and Cpl. Arnold Bracy, who is black, were accused of being "partners" in a Marine Corps spy ring. Having sex with Russian women, as *Newsweek* reported on April 20, they had "presumably allowed the KGB to penetrate the inner sanctums of the old chancery building." There, Soviet agents had access to our most sensitive intelligence data and to our cryptographic equipment. *Time* reported that a third marine, Sgt. John Weirick, had "spread the contamination to the U.S. Consulate in Leningrad." Since a Russian woman was the alleged link between Weirick and consulate penetration, female pollution was again the contaminant that endangered national security.

The treasonous acts attributed to the marine guards were, according to a White House official, "likely as significant as the worst hits of the past." *Time* dutifully reported that the Russians, "William Kunstler, the radical New York lawyer" and the marines' families all denied the accusations, and it was careful to sprinkle the word "alleged" all over its story. But the question it wanted answered, presuming guilt, was "just why American Marines and State Department officials had permitted the Soviets to compromise U.S. security so thoroughly." Senators Ernest Hollings and Robert Byrd called for the death penalty for convicted marines. The Navy set up a toll-free "800" number, CALL-SPY, for Americans to report suspicious activity; government spokesmen predicted many additional arrests.

The betrayals by the marines surfaced as the Iran/*contra* scandal was exposing the Administration's secret foreign policy and its obsession with Soviet penetration. The Moscow security breaches indicated to *Time* and *Newsweek* that the government was too lax rather than too secretive. Moreover, not only had Soviet spies used sex to invade the old U.S. Embassy; they had also honeycombed the new one under construction with bugs and other sophisticated electronic devices. The Americans, to be sure, were also planting bugs in the new Soviet Embassy in Washington. "If you want to believe them, go ahead," responded President Reagan to Soviet countercharges about American surveillance, implying that only unpatriotic dupes would give credence to activities the Administration's own officials were acknowledging. According to the President, his subordinates and the American press, however, there was no comparison between Soviet spying and ours. As one White House official put it, "In the moral and technical senses they've been more dastardly than anything we'd ever do to them."

Moral referred to sexual, technical to electronic invasion; the two were totally confused. For one thing, a *Newsweek* picture showed how the Russians' new embassy got the high ground—"prime real estate for electronic eavesdropping." The U.S. Embassy, by contrast, was consigned to "the bottomlands" near the Moscow River, where it was surrounded on four sides by taller Soviet buildings. *U.S. News & World Report* of June 1 illustrated "the eyes of the Kremlin" with

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arrows going from the elevated Soviet Embassy on Mt. Alto down to the Capitol, the Pentagon, the National Security Agency and six other key government intelligence institutions. They were standing tall in Washington; we were mired in a "soggy spot" in Moscow. An American source acknowledged that "the name of the game is to screw the other guy as much as you can until he tells you to stop." But the Russians had broken the rule by which one superpower could screw the other by bringing up women. As a White House official, insisting on the difference between our spying and theirs, explained, "There's something in the Judeo-Christian ethic that even in the spy world, we don't use hookers." It was as if by some process of gender inversion, for marines to have sex with Russian women opened America to penetration. Sex in Moscow feminized the United States. *Time* compared today's fallen marines to John Wayne's World War II hero.

History or fantasy? In a January 17 front-page story for *The Washington Post*, Don Oberdorfer put together the accumulated evidence that the marines' sex spy ring was an American government invention. The embassy invasion depicted by Navy investigators and proclaimed in the American press turned out to be imaginary. Corporal Bracy had disowned his confession in May, charging that Navy investigators had coerced it. Two other black marines also repudiated statements that implicated Bracy in espionage. Agents of the Naval Investigative Service had taken Bracy from his base, isolated and threatened him, lied to him about the results of his lie-detector test and got him to sign a confession. They confiscated the marine's collection of spy novels and pounced on a letter from his former girlfriend, which began, "Hi, Super Spy." The fantasies of naval investigators, as a *New York Times* report showed, had outrun physical possibility. Investigators attributed to Bracy and Lonetree a collaboration that, given their guard duty assignments, was impossible. There was no evidence that Soviet spies had penetrated the Moscow embassy or that code devices had been compromised. Although government officials continued to put credence in Bracy's confession, all charges against him were dropped. In a particularly sadistic evasion of government responsibility, Cpl. Robert Williams was charged with perjury for bowing to the investigators' pressure and implicating Bracy. The charges against Williams have since been dropped.

What about the other members of the Marine Corps spy ring? The statute of limitations had run out on Weirick, but no evidence of his involvement in espionage was ever produced. Staff Sgt. Robert Stufflebeam was tried not for espionage but for lying to Navy investigators about his contacts with Russian women. Acquitted on that charge, Stufflebeam was convicted of drinking in off-limits Moscow bars. Fraternization infractions are normally handled administratively; Stufflebeam's court-martial was unprecedented. If he and Weirick were guilty of anything, it was of sex and not spying.

Although American officials insisted that a straight line led from fraternization through sex and then to spying, they may have found consorting with the enemy more disorienting than mutual surveillance. The uncrossable line dividing America from the Soviet Union allows us to mirror the techniques (except for hookers) that we attribute to the enemy. Fraternization breaks down the opposition between the two sides. In trying to force marines to fraternize only with one another, however, the military had created its own nightmare. For, perhaps to strengthen the all-male esprit de corps, perhaps to save money on the transport and upkeep of families, low-ranking marines who guard the American embassies abroad must remain single. Other countries use family men to protect against loneliness and sexual temptation. The United States, in the grip of its picture of dedicated, celibate, fighting marines, had transformed a failure of American military discipline into enemy spying.

The contrast between the Soviet high ground for electronic surveillance in Washington and the U.S. Embassy's "bottomland" was also the product of an overheated imagination. The Central Intelligence Agency was "aware of the terrific advantage of the Mt. Alto location," insisted former Deputy Director of Central Intelligence Bobby Inman. "But the State Department wouldn't listen." The Russians, however, initially rejected the Mt. Alto site as too far from downtown Washington. Apparently preferring fraternization to surveillance, they hadn't been listening, either. In Oberdorfer's words, "The government had been grappling mostly with phantoms of its own invention." The abuses in the Marine Corps spy scandal were almost entirely those inflicted by American officials on marines.

There was, however, a single, isolated American Indian who brought sex and espionage together. Clayton Lonetree, the sergeant in love with a Soviet woman, passed information to her "Uncle Sasha." Navy investigators tracked down Lonetree, *Time*'s cover story boasted, and he implicated

DRAWINGS BY LOU MYERS

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Bracy. Both claims were false. Involved in more than he could handle (and, unlike John Wayne in *Jet Pilot*, unable to turn the tables alone), Lonetree had turned himself into the C.I.A. Unsatisfied with his first two confessions, Navy investigators browbeat a third statement out of Lonetree that was almost completely false. But, although held in solitary confinement for seven months, the hapless marine continued to insist he had acted on his own. Lonetree denied letting K.G.B. agents into the embassy. The Marine Corps spy ring and the penetrating K.G.B. agents were figments of an imagination shared by officials obsessed with keeping secrets and by the free public media.

Lonetree was tried, last August, on charges to which he had originally confessed. He was mostly accused of revealing the names of American agents to their Soviet counterparts. In the closed, symbiotic world of great-power spying, however, these names were probably already known to the Russians, just as the Americans knew the identity of "Uncle Sasha," Aleksei Yefimov (who was passing information to American agents at the same time he was recruiting Lonetree). Lonetree's defense attorneys planned to call witnesses to testify that most or all of the information the marine had passed to Yefimov was already public knowledge. But Capt. Philip Roberts, presiding judge at Lonetree's court-martial, refused to allow those witnesses to testify. In the name of protecting state secrets, Roberts would not allow the obsession with secrecy to be further discredited. Regaining technological command, the government forced reporters to watch the trial on closed-circuit TV. Frequent blackouts protected national security. Lonetree, convicted of espionage, was sentenced to thirty years in prison. In return for a promised sentence reduction of at least five years, he is now cooperating with American authorities. He is doing, that is, what he has been doing since the day he turned himself in. All that remained of the Marine Corps spy ring was a lone American Indian.

What had made Lonetree a spy? His lawyers depicted him as a confused young man who had imagined becoming a freelance double agent and who was crushed to discover that his Soviet girlfriend, Violetta Seina, had been using him. But the government, confusing personal disorientation with principled betrayal, claimed that Lonetree was embittered against the United States for its "rape" of his people. The military had apparently assigned Lonetree to Moscow to counteract Soviet propaganda on the mistreatment of American Indians. Now chief prosecutor Maj. David Beck called the marine a "willing traitor" and accused the defense of substituting "a fictional Walter Mitty for the real-life character of Benedict Arnold."

Transforming Lonetree into Benedict Arnold, the government (in Walter Mitty fashion) dreamed of ideological conflict and alien penetration. No more an anti-American Indian than an anti-American Communist, however, Lonetree was a victim of American-Indian and American-Soviet relations. The son of a Navajo mother and a Winnebago father, the young man spent years in an Indian orphanage before joining the Marine Corps. He admired Hitler as a teen-ager and scribbled in his high-school notebook, "The Holocaust is a lie!" Lonetree's first girlfriend, Nancy Snyder, reports that he saw himself as Hitler reincarnated; his second, Violetta Seina, was a Ukrainian Jew.

Clayton Lonetree was no Indian political militant taking revenge on America. His revenge consisted, instead, in unwittingly exposing his government's version of American history, repeated by President Reagan in Hollywood movies and political pronouncements, in which a pioneer nation tested in Indian combat fulfills its mission in anti-Communism. Lonetree was one sign of what had gone wrong with that vision. Another was the Winnebago trailer in which Secretary of State George Shultz was to meet with Russians in Moscow after the U.S. Embassy was exposed as insecure. The Winnebago, it turned out, was no better sealed than the new embassy building. According to government sources, it "radiated like a microwave," raising the possibility that the Russians had overheard the communications of other high-level government officials abroad who had used such units. The American mission, born against Indians and climaxing against the Soviet Union, was providing the material not for heroism but for farce.

Farce in the large political world is tragedy for small individuals, however—for Clayton Lonetree, ground up in Soviet-American rivalry; for Arnold Bracy and his fellow black marines, browbeaten to implicate him in espionage; for Robert Stufflebeam, convicted of having sex with the enemy, because he had nothing to do with spying. The personal is political in American foreign policy, and the myths

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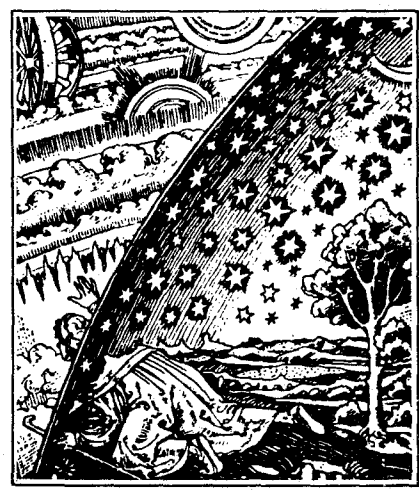

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that govern our national security consciousness, absurd though they are, continue to compel our attention in the national news and to damage our personal and political life. □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

Poland—Ashes And Diamonds

DANIEL SINGER

Prices were raised sharply in Poland on January 30, by an estimated 40 percent, and hell did not break loose. Times have changed: In 1970, after a bloody battle, Polish workers won a veto over their country's pricing policy. Six years later they confirmed this power. Then, in the glorious summer of 1980, provoked once again by a price hike, they conquered the right to form independent unions. True, two years later the Poles had higher prices pushed down their throats, but that was just after Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski's tanks had performed their ruthless job. Now, although the regime still rests ultimately on the tanks and on Soviet proximity, the political situation is quite different. Poland today cannot be likened to the Chile of Gen. Augusto Pinochet. Indeed, judging just by the freedom of expression in the official press and not the numerous underground publications, it can still give the Russians quite a few lessons in *glasnost*.

Has General Jaruzelski, then, succeeded in his task as "normalizer"? Very far from it. His economic reforms, of which the price increase is a part, are being introduced in the worst possible circumstances. The foreign debt has climbed to $37 billion. At the turn of the year the shelves in the shops were empty and the lines in front of them lengthened to recall the darkest days of shortages. Poland is one of the rare countries in which the dollar is eternally rising; the confidence of the population in its own zloty is so small that it now keeps 58 percent of its savings in foreign currency. To prevent price changes from leading to explosions of discontent, the government had to reduce some of the proposed rises and to increase, simultaneously, financial compensation. To keep things quiet now it is granting additional wage concessions in plants with workers threatening to strike.

The officials themselves do not expect spectacular results from the half measures imposed by the government. It's sweat and tears without the prospect of reward. As one historian put it, in an open letter addressed to both Wojciech Jaruzelski and Lech Walesa, the mood in Poland is one of "hopelessness, disenchantment and apathy, with a drunken haze allowing a flight from reality." He wrote this letter because, like so many people, he is convinced that without some sort of social contract Poland will drift, rather than plunge, into economic, ecological and political disaster.

This, of course, is a gloomy picture that needs some shading. Poland deserves a closer look for many reasons. The story of Solidarity, or more precisely of the revival in Eastern Europe of an autonomous labor movement, interrupted brutally, is still very far from finished. Besides, for all its peculiarities, Poland allows us to grasp better some of the issues facing the Soviet bloc as a whole. In particular, it now illustrates dramatically the central dilemma of Mikhail Gorbachev's *perestroika*. To break the backbone of bureaucratic resistance to his reforms, the Soviet leader needs pressure from below, the backing of the workers, and he knows it. Poland had such a labor movement; its equivalent in the Soviet Union is barely taking its first steps. Yet can the system put up with an autonomous movement that genuinely represents the interests of the workers? Finally, Poland is ahead of the rest of the Soviet bloc in many respects, and is more articulate in its political discourse—which raises some questions, notably over the tensions brought about by a new privileged elite, which the Hungarians today and the Russians tomorrow must answer as well.

Divided They Drift. To understand why the lines lengthened and concessions proved of no avail, we must go back to last November, when Poland set yet another precedent for the Soviet bloc—an unsuccessful electoral test. Poles were asked to approve, in a referendum, a package of political liberalization and economic reforms, including much stiffer price increases than those finally introduced. One-third of them simply stayed at home. The surprise was that over a third of those who bothered to vote said no. This would not have mattered if the government had not set the hurdle so high—requiring the approval of half the registered electorate. More than 42 percent was not enough. The plan was rejected and the authorities had to switch to the milder, watered-down current version.

Consumers are no fools. Faced with the prospect of inflation, whatever the version, they invaded the shops. Even shoddy goods, as one commentator put it, are better than phony money. Sugar and rice, furs and furniture, washing machines and color TV sets vanished from shops, while professional speculators reappeared in lines. Price increases were designed, in principle, to eliminate both subsidies and the resulting artificial distortions. Salary earners as well as pensioners were to be given monetary compensation to avoid a sharp drop in living standards. But the government's proposals in this field were dismissed as ridiculous by the official, state-sponsored unions with a vehemence worthy of Solidarity at its toughest. The authorities thereupon backed down, giving the unions almost all they had demanded, and experts now predict that this year Poland will have both a rapid rate of inflation and high subsidies.

By any standard, the government did not do badly in purely electoral terms. This is not really surprising. The great expectations had collapsed. The prospects for change from below seemed blocked for the moment, while the imperative need for some sort of a new economic policy was felt by almost everybody. Solidarity actually hesitated over

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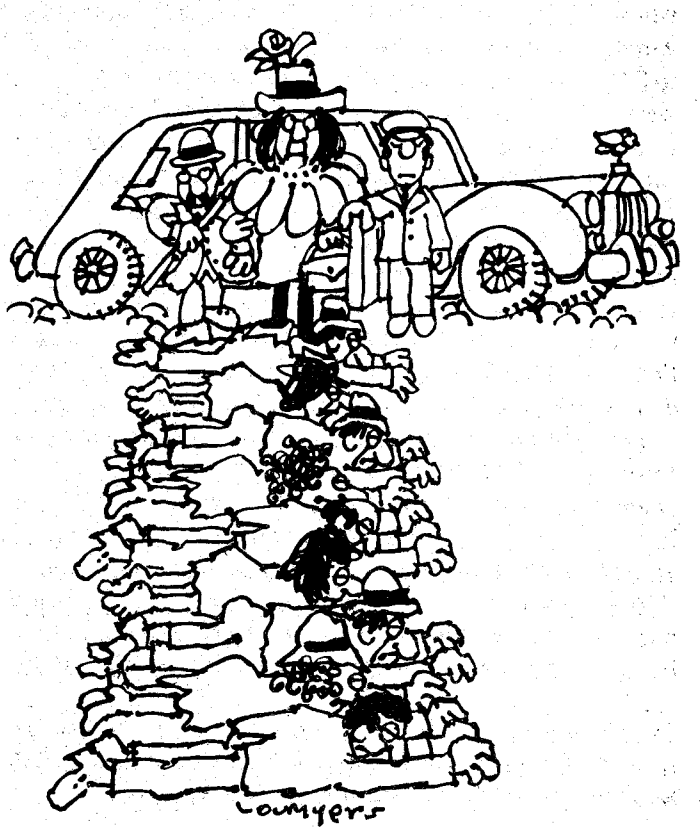
its line and did not campaign very actively for the boycott. On the other hand, Jaruzelski and his men were aware of the mood of the nation, because on the eve of the referendum they had carried out a vast opinion poll, whose results were plain: A large and growing majority expected things to get worse, not better, and an overwhelming number did not rule out an explosion. This may explain why the authorities yielded so fast to the unions.

A retreat by a government does not necessarily mean an advance by the opposition. The leaders of Solidarity, incidentally, at once proclaimed that the Polish people had rejected not the reforms but the would-be reformers. Yet, seven years after the military coup, Solidarity itself is in a fix. Its elder members are battle-scarred and weary. The younger ones, with a twenty-year waiting list for accommodations, are angry and impatient. Now that the collective dream has temporarily disappeared, millions of Poles wish only to emigrate, for plain economic reasons. Others are turning inward to cultivate their own garden or drown their sorrows in vodka. Solidarity, although all its leaders are now free and acting in the open, has a tremendous task. Its offers of collaboration turned down by the government, it must steer a middle course between the twin risks of resigned apathy and purposeless explosions of anger. Its unifying efforts are not helped by a new process of social differentiation that is tearing the country further apart.

"The Poor and the Rich." This is the title of an article published in January in *Polityka*, the weekly representing the "liberal" wing of the establishment, which has created quite a stir: "Winter skiing in the Alps, summer on the Riviera, a B.M.W., jewels from Gucci, children in a French kindergarten and an American school, provisions from West Berlin." The opening paragraph was designed to hit the reader in the stomach, showing that the nouveau riche no longer merely enjoys the standard of living of a Western skilled worker but, at least in terms of consumption, rivals the behavior of the West's beautiful people. The two authors do mention the really poor or those living close to subsistence level—an old-age pensioner, a family unable to buy its full meat ration, an assistant university professor with two children whose spouse is not working—but only briefly and for the sake of contrast. They are more interested in comparing the new consumers with the relatively privileged groups of the recent past—the doctors, engineers, journalists or civil servants who have a flat, the essential consumer durables, a small car, but are now shocked by the conspicuous spending of the new "millionaires." They are all the more offended since these newcomers are no longer rough mechanics or vegetable growers. They are university graduates, speaking foreign languages, dealing with computers, building small, modern enterprises, filling loopholes in international trade. They set models of behavior as well as patterns of consumption.

If nothing is done, the authors argue, there may be serious consequences. One possibility is an egalitarian backlash. (Egalitarianism, crude and primitive by definition, now seems to be the favorite target of the acquisitive intelligentsia.) The other is the political rise of the new businessmen. Tomorrow they may well have "not only their own dentists but their ideologues, their lawyers, their scientists and their artists." What's to be done to prevent it? People should be able to aspire to affluence in the public as well as the private sector. Even the downtrodden may benefit as the welfare functions of the state are improved by paying much higher salaries to the doctors, the teachers and, presumably, the scribblers. So far, other participants in the continuing debate in *Polityka* are equally unconcerned with the have-nots. One argues that in the West, too, intellectuals earn less than the business people and yet manage to preserve their prestige. If the Polish intelligentsia has lost its stature, it is because it has betrayed its function (by siding with Solidarity, though this is hinted at rather than spelled out). Another, more sophisticated, participant refuses to grant to the newcomers the label "cultured." Drawing an appropriate parallel with the party apparatchiks, who required years after the war to learn "good manners," this writer argues that the nouveaux riches are every bit as uncouth, only more brash and ostentatious. Oh dear! Oh dear!

The economic reform has not gone far yet. The private sector, outside of farming, is still small and foreign investment marginal. But the Western spirit, potent stuff, has already gone to the heads of the intelligentsia. Perusing *Polityka*, I found an article by a journalist who hoped that "market, money, profit having found acceptance, maybe 'capital' will cease to be a class-alien concept." Admittedly, in praising the capitalist methods of raising funds, she has a rather barterish conception of debentures (you buy bonds in brickworks and are paid in bricks). Yet what matters is the spirit. The intoxicating winds have crossed the Elbe. Private is beautiful, the "invisible hand" guiding the market is wise and making money is virtuous. A growing number of "ex-



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perts" throughout Eastern Europe seem to share the cynical philosophy recently summed up by the Soviet reformer Nikolai Shmelyev in *Moscow News*: "All that is economically ineffective is immoral and all that is effective is moral."

Less than a dozen years ago, when Polish workers were being clubbed, a small group of intellectuals offered them its services. Jacek Kuron, Adam Michnik and their colleagues from KOR thus showed that intellectuals can play a historical role by linking their fate with a real social movement. A few years later, a good portion of the Polish intelligentsia followed their example. Will the professional intelligentsia throughout Eastern Europe now forget this lesson and sell this collective gain for a mess of pottage, aligning itself in overwhelming numbers with either of the two sides, the apparatchiks or the managers, who are fighting among themselves for privileges?

A Swing to the Right? One is reluctant to use this expression, with its suggestion that what preceded was the left, that dictatorial planning from above is socialism and that the rule of the ***nomenklatura*** equals democracy. Poland, even more than other countries of the Soviet bloc, is badly in need of an entirely new economic policy. Another reason for reluctance in using the term is that the leadership of Solidarity—Lech Walesa and his advisers, Zbigniew Bujak and his fellows out of the underground—has repeated consistently, though with a diminishing echo, its demand for pluralism on the labor front and the right to set up autonomous unions. There is no denying, however, that a good portion of the intelligentsia linked with the opposition has swung rightward. Many of its members now hanker after the prewar dictator Jozef Pilsudski, the nationalist Roman Dmowski and even more reactionary figures from the past.

The government has done its best to encourage this trend. It did so through the military coup, which seemed to prove that radical change would not be tolerated within the system. It did so by its eagerness to negotiate with the Catholic leaders, thus consolidating the cultural hegemony of the church, and by its refusal to talk to the real representatives of the workers. It did so by its conduct, past and present, which discredited the very name of socialism. The point has been reached that the government is not trusted even when it makes genuinely reformist proposals, because they are not endorsed by Lech Walesa, the man who still stands, symbolically, for the hopes of yesterday.

The ideal solution would thus be for the two sides now to reach the social contract they failed to achieve in the past, a compromise that somehow reconciled the political imperatives of geography with the aspirations of the working people. For a spell, in 1981, there was even the outline of a constitutional framework for this compromise, with a second, junior chamber representing on a national scale the workers' councils that are scattered throughout the country. Solidarity would thus have had at least a consultative voice. The system foreshadowed not a radical, revolutionary break but a creeping transformation, a long road toward some form of workers' democracy. It probably remains the best possible model for a peaceful, progressive transition in Eastern Europe.

But let us not dream. Having refused such a compromise in a moment of weakness, General Jaruzelski has no intention of accepting it now that he is relatively strong. The movement will have to reconquer its power patiently from below, taking over the self-governing councils in the factories and all other grass-roots organizations. Once Solidarity gets back to its own terrain, in the plants, the vagaries of the intellectuals will become less important. You don't preach unemployment or the defense of privilege on the shop floor.

Watching the situation in Poland now is a painful exercise. There are moments of near despair. In a country that before the war had a strong lay left, the ideological domination of the Catholic Church is now overwhelming, Red is a dirty word, Reagan is a hero and Milton Friedman provides food for economic thought. But not everything is so dark. The fires of Solidarity have not all turned to ashes; not all the young are guided by the imported maxim, "Screw you, I'm all right, Jack." The opposition group getting the best response among the young is WiP (Peace and Freedom), the nearest Polish equivalent to the Greens. WiP is a small band of youthful pacifists who, enduring hunger strikes and braving jail sentences, are in the process of winning a statute for Poland's conscientious objectors.

This is my country
Because here I was born
And here I will probably die
But why should I be proud of that. . . .

This is the refrain, repeated over and over, of a song by the pop group called, significantly, The Deserter. In jingoist

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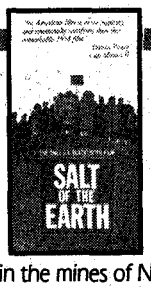

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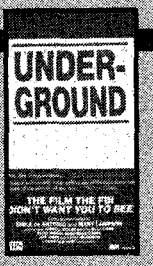

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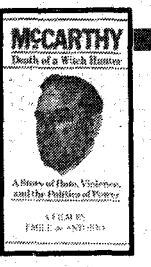

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Poland, with its love of the uniform, where "Corporal" Walesa writes to "General" Jaruzelski, these are interesting symptoms of a change of mood. Shall we have to wait till this new, more internationalist generation takes a more active part in the struggle for the saga of Solidarity to be resumed? If so, they had better hurry up, because the weather forecast for *perestroika* in the peculiar conditions of Poland sounds rather stormy. □

CONSERVATIVE CONCLAVE

Fear and Loathing In Washington

DAVID CORN

Conservatives are a cranky lot. After seven years of Ronald Reagan's reign, they still complain that they are on the run, outmaneuvered and outgunned by the dark forces of liberalism. Such was the prevailing sentiment at the fifteenth annual Conservative Political Action Conference, held recently in Washington.

Sponsored by the American Conservative Union and Young Americans for Freedom, CPAC brought nearly 800 conservative activists to a stylish Washington hotel to contemplate "the 1990s and beyond." These are the movement's grass-roots die-hards, willing to plunk down several hundred dollars for the chance to voice their communal frustration that Reagan has not yet ushered in a conservative millennium. Endorsing organizations included Reed Irvine's Accuracy in Media, Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum, Beverly LaHaye's Concerned Women for America, Senator Bob Dole's Campaign America, the Jack Kemp and Pat Robertson campaigns and the Republican National Committee.

All the special-interest groups the R.N.C. would want to court were present, most of them represented by display booths. AIM peddled "Impeach Rather" bumper stickers and videocassettes of *Hanoi Hilton*, a Hollywood film about American prisoners of war in Vietnam. A self-appointed patriot passed out a handy reference sheet of license-plate prefixes assigned to diplomats from the Soviet bloc, so you can spot "Communist spies" outside the twenty-five mile travel limit from the capital. Fawn Hall buttons were moving well. Delegates stood solemnly in front of a television set watching a replay of Lieut. Col. Oliver North's defiant testimony before the Iran/*contra* Congressional committees. Flyers soliciting funds for the Nicaraguan Resistance were everywhere. Yakov Smirnoff, Soviet émigré and the conservatives' house comic, autographed copies of a book he wrote and, untrue to form, spoke solemnly about how Reagan has been forced by powers beyond his control to acknowledge Mikhail Gorbachev's *glasnost*. "When he gets out of office, he will be more active," Smirnoff predicted.

The Grand Old Man, Ronald Reagan, attended a dinner in his honor. The program for the fete contained a salute to the Chief, penned by Lyn Nofziger, a former aide who that very day was found guilty of violating the Ethics in Government Act. Reagan is "a more principled man than many in his Cabinet or his staff," wrote Nofziger, who has dutifully provided proof of that assertion. The next night at the awards banquet, Nofziger received a standing ovation.

Much of the three-day confab was dominated by the squabble between supporters of Kemp and Robertson, who placed first and second in the CPAC presidential straw poll (Kemp, 63.5 percent; Robertson, 14.5 percent). Kemp's backers angrily confronted Y.A.F. leaders just before the Yaffers endorsed Robertson as "the conservative choice in 1988." Campaign politics aside, the conference was a collective expulsion of bile. It is astonishing how much resentment has built up during the Reagan years among his flock. Most of the faithful present, overwhelmed by the recent vote against *contra* aid, the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty and Reagan's abandonment of the evil empire ethos, could not bring themselves to pillory their leader. In search of a more convenient scapegoat, they took off after the media, homosexuals and House Speaker Jim Wright.

Imagine Reed Irvine discovering a Managua conference on "The Free Press: A Threat to the Free World?" He would see Red. There was, however, just such a panel at CPAC, organized by AIM. This forum gave several hundred discouraged conservatives the chance to sound off about the liberal clique that runs the media and spreads disinformation about the *contras*, the Soviet Union, Republicans, South Africa and you name it. Much spleen was vented against the television networks' decision not to air Reagan's speech on the eve of the February House *contra* aid vote. At another panel, "How Conservatives Get Media in a Hostile Environment," a delegate exclaimed, "Are we not permitting them [the media] to destroy our country?" The bloodlust was evident when ABC White House correspondent Sam Donaldson debated syndicated columnist Robert Novak. The crowd jeered Donaldson, yelling, "Report the real news, Sam" and "Give us a chance, Sam." During another panel, a delegate warned of the "significant" growth of the Communist press in the United States, noting that *Political Affairs*, the desert-dry theoretical journal of the Communist Party U.S.A., has increased in circulation from 4,000 to 6,500.

When it wasn't the media it was gay people. Panelists and audience members lashed out at homosexuals during a forum on AIDS. Dr. Vernon Mark of Harvard University revealed what the real "homosexual agenda" is: "We've suffered enough, therefore we have to be rewarded with antidiscrimination laws." Isolate those infected, the HIV-positive individuals, he declared. "What about casual contact? What about that handshake?" asked Dr. Gregg Albers, director of health services at Jerry Falwell's Liberty University. Karen Burke, a policy analyst at the House Republican Study Group, observed that homosexuals now have the gall to request Federal support for the treatment of AIDS victims. "Not only are we supposed to pay taxes for research," she complained, "We're supposed to take care of them."

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Burke decried the influence of gays on AIDS policy, but she received a shock when she informed the gathering that one-quarter to one-half of the gay population could be dead within five years. At that, a large chunk of the audience of 200 or so cheered and clapped. "These are individuals—brothers, husbands and friends," Burke protested. "There's no way you can celebrate a tragic fact like that." She was wrong. Dr. Paul Cameron, a delegate from something called the Family Research Institute, declared, "Unless we are willing to state . . . that homosexuality is a crime against humanity . . . then we will have more of what we just heard—calling homosexuals our brothers."

Despite all the gay-bashing, some members of the crowd were not content. "The only thing worse than a Communist is a person who practices an alternative life style," said Russ Wittenberg, a delegate from Arizona. He criticized the panelists for not discussing in detail such sexual practices as fisting. Harvard's Mark replied that homosexuals are outraged by any talk of monogamy. "They realize that if they do not have promiscuity and group sex, then they don't have the fellowship that goes with that, and their political power dies," he said. "That's good, but you haven't explained what I asked," Wittenberg responded, as the crowd—less than eager to discuss the specifics of alternative life styles—hooted him.

Other illuminating contributions to the debate included a remark from a college Republican wearing a Kemp button that "the only people who have AIDS who can legally be killed are the unborn babies," and a suggestion from an Illinois delegate that prisoners on death row be given AIDS so that a vaccine can be tested on them. After the panel, Wittenberg rushed forward to talk to a panelist, Representative William Dannemeyer, who had assailed the homosexual lobby. "These people are guilty of murder," Wittenberg said, apparently referring to gays in general. "Yeah," Dannemeyer answered. "But to keep my credibility I have to stay on the high ground."

Making a hasty exit from the hotel, Burke expressed surprise at the audience's response to her tragic statistics on AIDS fatalities. "Initially, I thought that was an interesting fact, too," she said, recalling the old joke that "AIDS is wiping out their mailing lists." But she had a change of heart. "It wasn't that I was becoming a 'squish.'" (That's a Washington term for a softy.) She realized that "somehow God's justice *and* mercy are involved in all this. Justice as in, 'You reap what you sow'; mercy as in, 'They still have time to turn around.'"

Beyond salvation, in the eyes of most delegates and speakers, is Jim Wright. Kenneth Adelman, former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, delivered a well-received denunciation of the "nefarious" Wright for his behind-the-scenes work on the Central American peace plan. "Wright is a traitor . . . coaching Communists on how to defeat U.S. foreign policy objectives," Adelman raged. After he completed the attack, a delegate asked, "Since the views of our liberal friends match the views of the Communist International, shouldn't we start calling liberals by their true name? And it starts with a 'C.'"

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Adelman responded that it was a "good statement."

So, after nearly two terms of Reaganism, the nation's leading reactionaries feel besieged. Are CPAC people typical of conservatives? If presidential preference is any measure, the answer is no. A pre-New Hampshire survey of members of seven major right-wing organizations showed most conservatives to be more moderate (Bush received 27 percent of the responses; Kemp, 17 percent; Dole, 16 percent; and Robertson, 15.8 percent). With the CPAC crowd's first two picks, Kemp and Robertson, unlikely to succeed Reagan, the conservative movement will probably lose some of the influence it has enjoyed these past few years. Without one of its own in the White House, it might return to its pre-Reagan status: the extremist tail trying to wag the G.O.P. dog. Perhaps that's what the CPAC gang is really mad about. Still, judging from the Washington conference, these conservatives seem to prefer playing the set-upon underdog—even when they're on top. □

Colombia

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

directorate styles itself, have announced that "the war will continue."

The war, which has been in progress since 1984, when Colombian Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla was gunned down by *sicarios* in the pay of the cartel, entered a new phase at the beginning of this year, following the arrest and release of directorate member Jorge Luis Ochoa Vásquez. Within hours of his arrest at a police checkpoint, where he chanced to be stopped because he was speeding in a flashy car, the *narcos* announced a war on Colombia's political class, which they said was "the real mafia" because of its monopoly of political power, the media, banks and business. Although Ochoa is wanted in the United States on drug charges, he was freed by a local judge after his high-powered lawyers, including a former Supreme Court magistrate, justified his release on a writ of *habeas corpus.*

While the war has cost the lives of numerous judges, narcotics police, journalists and even Cabinet ministers, it did not strike home until Pastrana's kidnapping. A rising star in his father's Conservative Party, Pastrana symbolizes the upper-class "establishment." As a fellow member commented at the time of the abduction, "The attack is not just against Andrés but against all of us."

Although Bolivia was briefly governed by a mafia-military alliance in the early 1980s, and the Mexican and Peruvian governments have suffered from drug-related corruption, the drug lords' offensive in Colombia is unprecedented in Latin America because it is aimed at destroying or co-opting the political class that has ruled the country since the nineteenth century. Unlike impoverished, landlocked Bolivia, Colombia is one of the most populous countries in South America, strategically located at the southern neck of the Panamanian isthmus, with both Caribbean and Pacific coasts. It also has a booming economy, thanks to the infusion of "narcobucks" from the Medellin cartel, which is responsible for at least 70 percent of the cocaine entering the United States, as well as lesser proportions of marijuana and heroin.

The cartel's economic power has enabled it to buy off sectors of the military, police, judiciary and even Congress, as shown by documents discovered during a raid on the house of one of Ochoa's accountants. Drug money also finances the drug barons' armies of *sicarios*, who undergo training at special schools with the latest arms, some of which are so sophisticated that they are unknown to the Colombian military. The *sicarios* are deployed in different parts of the country; their hit list includes politicians from the traditional Conservative and Liberal Parties as well as a new leftist movement, Patriotic Union (U.P.). Among the recent victims was Jaime Pardo Leal, the head of U.P., who, according to a government investigation, was assassinated by *sicarios* employed by Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha, alias "El Mexicano," a member of the cartel directorate [see Lernoux, "A Society Torn Apart by Violence," *The Nation*, November 7, 1987]. One apparent motive for Pardo's killing was retribution: A guerrilla front of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) had extorted money from drug producers working for Rodríguez. The U.P. is allied with, though not controlled by, FARC, and informed political sources believe that when the drug traffickers found it impossible to kill the guerrillas' commanders, they began murdering local U.P. militants. Also, Pardo had denounced an alliance between the drug traffickers and right-wing paramilitary death squads in Colombia's eastern plains, or *llanos*, and this may have been a second reason for his death.

The *llanos* are but one area in which drug and political wars rage. Entire departments, such as Sucre and Caquetá, have become a no man's land from which large landowners and peasants alike have fled. For example, in Sucre, on the country's northern coast, many estate owners have abandoned their cattle ranches because of extortion, kidnappings and killings by the guerrillas of the Army of Popular Liberation. Quite a few have sold their lands to members of the drug cartel or its underlings, who have their own armies to deal with the guerrillas. Much the same situation prevails in Caquetá, on Colombia's southern border, which is wracked by violence. In recent months thirty Liberal politicians have been murdered, in addition to twenty representatives of the Conservative Party and U.P.—this in addition to ongoing battles between FARC and the army. The situation is similar in the banana-growing region of Urabá, near the Panamanian frontier, where Liberal and U.P. politicians have been assassinated as well. Urabá for many years suffered from a "dirty war" between the banana workers' union and the growers, but since last year a peace of sorts has been established. Yet the number of murders has increased. Government sources say the evidence points to the cartel's *sicarios*, who have moved into the region. As in Caquetá, the aim appears to be the destabilization of local institutions to encourage political anarchy. President Virgilio Barco, a Liberal, has also pointed to the cartel as the source of attacks on of-

Penny Lernoux is The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent.*

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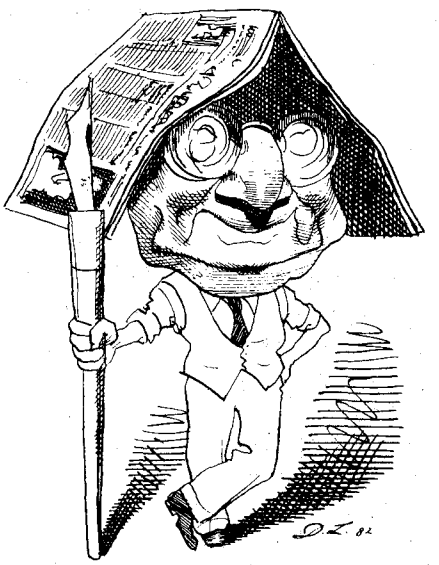

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ficials and institutions of the federal government.

What do the drug lords want? According to communiqués from the Extraditables, Pastrana's reports on conversations with his captors and other evidence, they seek an ironclad promise from the government that no Colombian will be extradited to the United States. Fear of extradition stems from the belief that, once in the United States, they are liable to receive stiff jail sentences in maximum security prisons, in contrast to Colombia, where judges and prison guards can be bought off or intimidated. The handful of Colombians who have been extradited to the United States on drug charges under a 1979 treaty and are serving long prison sentences prove that the traffickers' fears are well founded.

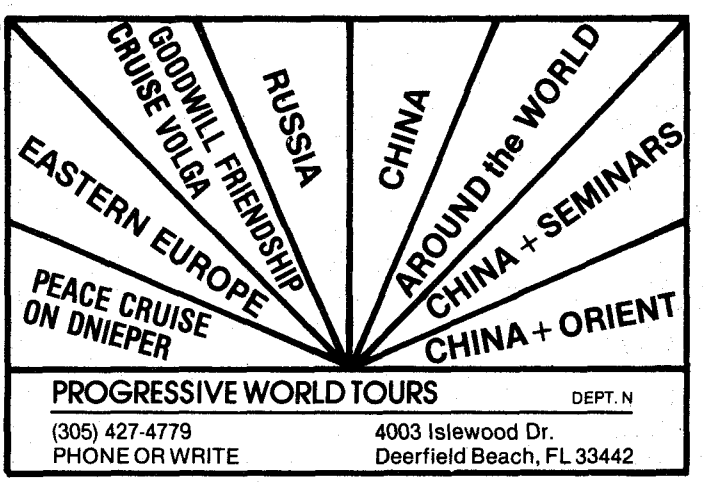
But that treaty was struck down as unconstitutional by the Colombian Supreme Court last year, and the Congress has shown no interest in legislating a replacement. The Colombian government is reluctant to take recourse to a 1933 inter-American agreement on the ground that it is not an effective legal instrument for extradition. Of course, extradition is essentially a political question: As Colombian lawyers have pointed out, there are any number of legal loopholes enabling the executive to extradite traffickers—which is precisely what worries the Medellín cartel. On the other hand, Colombian bureaucrats are notoriously legalistic, and in the case of extradition red tape serves as a convenient excuse for the lack of political will.

Although Barco announced a package of antiterrorist decrees to deal with the traffickers in the wake of Pastrana's kidnapping, high-ranking government officials say there is little likelihood of having a new extradition treaty. One reason is that the political class is scared. Equally important, it is fed up with paying with its own blood for a problem that originates in the United States. For all its blustering about corrupt Colombian government officials, Reagan's White House has done little to combat U.S. drug consumption, which is the root of the problem. Colombia has received hardly any aid to fight the traffickers and has instead been punished with sanctions, such as the harassment of travelers from Colombia by U.S. Customs officials and the prolonged inspection of such perishable exports as flowers and bananas in retaliation for Ochoa's release.

Unlike Mexico, which has received substantial favors from Washington, including a government-organized bank bailout, Colombia has not obtained any economic or political advantages. U.S. economic aid has been absent for several years, and military aid was eliminated in January. When Mexico refused to extradite its citizens to the United States for drug-related crimes, Washington did not push the issue. Nor has it hassled the governments of Brazil or other drug-producing countries about extradition, which often arouses strong nationalist feelings. So far, Colombia has obediently followed Washington's bidding—at one point it militarized the northeastern part of the country on orders from the Drug Enforcement Administration—but its leaders are no longer inclined to be so malleable. "The Colombian government—not the U.S. Administration—should determine how best to fight this sickness," said Alfredo Vásquez Carrizosa, a former Conservative Foreign Minister and a leader in the country's human rights movement. "We have been pushed around by a superpower whose government only wants to . . . punish the drug producers in Bolivia, Peru and Colombia without touching the privileged [drug] paradises within the United States itself." Enrique Santos Calderón, deputy director of the establishment daily, *El Tiempo*, agreed: "While the United States continues to believe that the only solution to the drug traffic is to extradite or to attack the periphery instead of the heart of the problem, there is no hope of a greater understanding of this war that threatens to ruin us materially and morally."

The last straw for the Colombians was a demand in January by members of the U.S. Congress that Washington consider the use of military force to deal with the Colombian drug traffickers—an idea that has already been tried, with dismal results, in Bolivia. As Santos said, such proposals show Washington's utter lack of understanding of a country under siege, as well as its now familiar hypocrisy on the drug issue.

If a consensus is emerging in Colombia against extradition, there is no agreement within the government or the political elite on how to deal with the drug cartel's challenge to the country's economic and political institutions. During the previous administration of President Belisario Betancur, the cartel offered to pay off the country's foreign debt, then $11 billion, and destroy Colombia's drug plantations in return for an amnesty. Betancur spurned the offer, however, after it became public. The drug bosses would still like an amnesty, but if Barco's government agreed, it would become an international pariah. Colombian politicians have also opposed an amnesty on the basis that it would be illegal and demoralizing. But the country is already demoralized by a war of corruption, and some members of the establishment are beginning to say the previously unthinkable—that it is better to be alive in a country that is a pariah than be shot to death by a *sicario*. The most likely scenario, according to political sources here, is that the government will play for time—for example, by holding a constitutional referendum to allow for plebiscites on such questions as extradition and drug violence. But the referendum, which is planned for October, is only the first step in a long legal process. Meanwhile, the country is bleeding to death from its multiple wars. □



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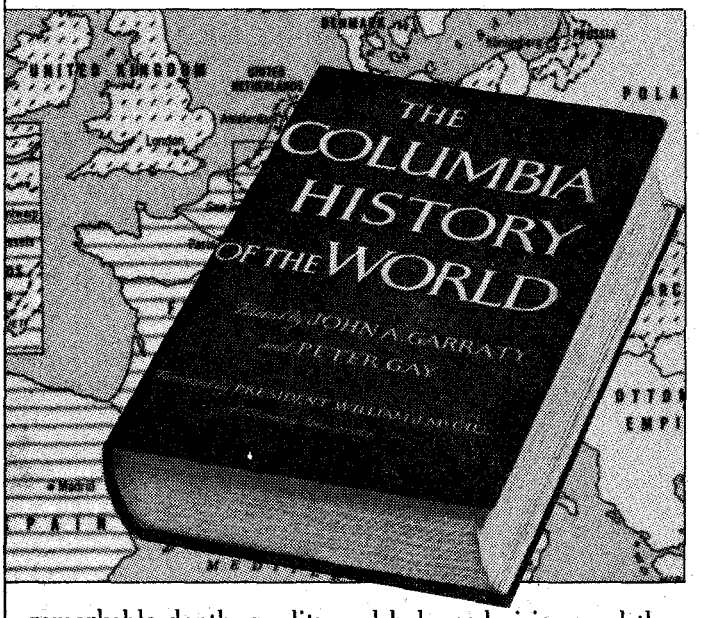

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Last Dispatches From The Border Country

E.P. THOMPSON

Raymond Williams, 1921–1988

We had come to suppose that Raymond Williams would go on forever. Since 1947–1948, when he co-edited the short-lived *Politics and Letters*, an uninterrupted stream of arguments, criticism, essays, novels and studies has flowed from his pen. His audience was and is international, but it is the British left that will miss him most of all.

Now that his strenuous voice is silent, the silence will never be filled in the same way, since his position was always his own, unique. He was always a little detached, and he rarely "belonged" to any fraction or section. (He told me once, in the late 1960s, that he then felt closest to the American *Monthly Review*.) This distanced or (his critics would say) aloof stance brought with it the advantage that he was not involved in the polemics that fissured the British left. His presence was felt as a constructive and uniting pressure.

His political evolution—and he was an intensely political man—was unusual. He seemed for much of his life to be inhabiting a "Border Country"—the title of his first published novel. His father was a railway man in south Wales, not far from the English border, and as a scholarship boy going to Cambridge University in 1939 Williams crossed and recrossed the border between working-class and academic cultures. He was also to cross and recross the borders of Marxism.

He was briefly in the Communist Party when first at Cambridge, but his membership lapsed while he served in the war; on his return to Cambridge in late 1945 he made a sharp break with the C.P. and with the available Marxist theories of literature and criticism.

The dominant intellectual influence upon him was that of the Cambridge don and critic F.R. Leavis, many of whose followers—the Leavisites of the postwar years—were part of an intellectual shift to the right. Leavis's hatred of the corrupting influences of the mass media was passing, among his disciples, into an elitist contempt for "the masses."

Raymond Williams could not follow this trajectory, but his confrontation within the Leavisite discourse was arduous and long sustained, in the attempt to rescue from it an alternative left tradition. This was formative upon his thought and even marked his prose style to the end, in certain clumsy but arresting indications and negations ("The point then is not. . . ."). His accounts with Leavis were finally settled in his first major work, *Culture and Society* (1958).

From that time onward, Raymond moved leftward and into greater political commitment. An intellectual space had now opened between the orthodoxies of Communism and of Social Democracy, and he found life in this space congenial, although his practical commitment was to the Labor Party. He came onto the board of *New Left Review* in 1959, and in the late 1960s he was a moving spirit in an attempt to regroup the fragmented British left, which resulted in a prospectus, both analytic and programmatic, called the *May Day Manifesto*, published in 1968.

Stuart Hall and I shared in the editing of this, and it was the first time I had worked closely with Raymond. I admired him as a critic and writer, but what was to surprise me in this collaboration was to discover the solidity of his reading and analysis in political economy, his sense of the permeations of capitalist power. It was fascinating, also, to observe the way in which he worked through every problem afresh from its elements; and even when a draft of some section of the *Manifesto*—on trade union or imperial policies—was accepted from some other member of our collective, Raymond would still rethink it, throwing out all the received vocabulary and putting it into his own obstinate prose.

Raymond was then a lecturer, subsequently professor of drama, at Cambridge. Our *Manifesto* got a good response and clubs started opening up and down the country. But then all the *événements* and dramas of 1968 seemed to offer a more exciting and swifter route to a short revolution than the "long revolution" Raymond had proposed. He turned back to his desk.

One consequence was *The Country and the City* (1973), a favorite of mine among his books. It is an odd book to come from the academy. The perspective of the critic is not that from the country seat but from the cottage. Poems celebrating the values of "settlement" and retreat are examined as mystification and ideology, and are contrasted with passages of the bluntest social and economic analysis of the development of agrarian capitalism. The analysis, in my view, was sound, and a good deal better than some then on offer from agricultural historians. It drew heavily upon Marxist precursors, but in a characteristic U-turn, Williams concluded the book with a critique of the insensitivity of the Marxist tradition toward the problem of the rural laboring population ("the idiocy" of rural life, as an earlier *Manifesto* had put it).

The only time I have been asked to write for *The New York Review of Books* was to review *The Country and the City*. The editors first "lost" my review for several months, then cut and copy edited it because (I was told) I had used certain terms their readers "would not understand." When the proof arrived (which I was told I must not alter), I found that the one word cut out throughout, or replaced by some euphemism, was "capitalism." I managed to get it put back once or twice, and have not been asked to write again. Raymond Williams had a way of upsetting people with overcultivated literary palates.

There was no way in which *The Country and the City* could be discussed without also discussing capitalism. The reciprocities of culture, economy, power and ideology are what the book is *about*. Raymond's repeated reminders of capitalism "as a system" will be found in all his writings of the 1970s and 1980s. He developed the image of motor traffic to describe the dominant set of social relations and determinations in the "old industrial societies": "Looked at from right outside, the traffic flows and their regulation are clearly a social order of a determined kind, yet what is experienced

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E.P. Thompson, a British historian and writer, is an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a founder of European Nuclear Disarmament. With this issue he joins The Nation*'s masthead.*

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inside them—in the conditioned atmosphere and internal music of this windowed shell—is movement, choice of direction, the pursuit of self-determined private purposes." The illusion of self-motivated freedom disempowers people from confronting the determinism of the larger social process.

Raymond Williams's dialogue with Marxism passed into a critical commitment to the Marxist tradition. We do not need to puzzle out his intellectual biography, since much of this was presented in a series of interviews with members of the editorial board of *New Left Review*, published in 1979 as *Politics and Letters*. His theoretical writings—for example, *Marxism and Literature* (1977)—work afresh through the major premises and select critically from different schools of European Marxism. His exacting interrogation of definitions and meanings in his later writings may in the future be seen as his greatest contribution to the advance of socialist theory.

New pressures can be felt in the last decade—Raymond's growing disillusion with the unreconstructed institutions of the Labor movement, his attention to North-South and ecological issues. In *Towards 2000* (1983) he acknowledged the full gravity of the human predicament: "The deepest changes will have to come in the old industrial economies themselves: not only in major shifts towards conservation and more durable and economical production but also in their deep assumption that the rest of the world is an effectively vacant lot from which they extract raw materials." The command economies of "actually existing socialism" (Rudolph Bahro's term) must undergo comparable changes, of which "the central element is the shift from 'production' to 'livelihood': from an alienated generality to direct and practical ways of life." The difficulty, West or East, lies in gaining confidence "in *our own* energies and capacities."

It is sad that Raymond died at this moment of Thatcher's triumph and in an intellectual climate that celebrates aggression and acquisitive competition and short-term consumer satisfactions. His voice is perhaps too serious and too unfashionable to catch the ear of today's media addicts. We will have to see how the fashions change. Those of us who were Raymond's comrades and colleagues will miss that strenuous, patient, calmly arguing voice very sorely. It is as if a fixed point in the landscape has suddenly dissolved, a point from which we had become accustomed to

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take our bearings, a point on the border country between the academy and the activist movement. We must thank him for his years of commitment and of persistent inquiry.

EDWARD W. SAID

The untimely death of Raymond Williams on January 26 brought an abrupt end to a rich and quietly brilliant intellectual career. His monumental *oeuvre* had already elevated him to the ranks of Saint-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, I.A. Richards, William Empson and a tiny number of other critics who by the range, power and sheer continuity and resourcefulness of their work were placed where literature and commentary approach each other most closely. To trans-Atlantic readers, the long list of Williams's works always seemed astounding. Here was a Cambridge professor of drama who not only wrote about the entire scope of English literature but who re-established cultural studies at the pinnacle of humanistic research. For Williams also wrote about education, film, critical theory, television, society and history with prescient authority, and was both politically involved as an unwavering man of the left and artistically involved with literature as a novelist. To add to these qualities the fact that Williams was a great teacher whose students and disciples people the British and American academy is to begin to indicate how deep a loss his death represents.

I met Williams only twice, both times within the past few years. It was an education for me. I was flattered that he seemed to consider me a colleague and friend; a review he had written of one of my books in the intervening years spoke warmly of my criticism as representing an "emergent" type of discourse, and there was in all our interaction much sharing and dialogue. Still, I felt that I was in the presence of a teacher whose disquisitions on the history of cultural representation, of education and of politics in the age of Thatcher and Reagan always delivered new insights and new perspectives. I noticed how naturally inclusive and historical was his mode of thought, and how resolutely he made the connections between present concerns and a complex history of human effort in many fields.

The distinguishing mark of Williams's work is that he thought and wrote about literature in steady conjunction with other social actualities, from the economy to class structure to the reading public and the ownership of the means of communication, in a way that has permanently altered, even dismissed, the base-superstructure model that disfigured Marxist thought more or less from the beginning. That no left or historical scholar today considers culture to be an aftereffect of the economy is largely due to Williams's efforts. But he went a good deal further than disproving a hopelessly mechanical theory. He invented a whole series of fundamental refinements in our way of considering the relationship between texts and the world. Thus he distinguished between dominant, residual, alternative and emergent literary practices, and saw these together as constituting a basic contest within every culture, in which writers and readers (whose intentions Williams always respected) could make choices, endow their experiences creatively with imaginative forms, belong with greater or lesser loyalty to classes and ideological formations. So dynamic was Williams's perspective that he usually spoke of texts as "notations" or practices, rather than as reified objects. And he never lost sight of the fact that since the historical world is made by men and women, their culture inheres in what they are as living, breathing social beings, and not in a disembodied formalistic element called textuality.

Williams's most famous contribution to literary study was the notion of "structures of feeling," the tracery made by aesthetic works beyond conventional attitudes, ideas, theories. A structure of feeling is uniquely carried by literature in which the ideology of a period is transformed by the imagination, forming new and surprising wholes. Even when discussing ideas and concepts, Williams never lost sight of what we enjoy and experience in a great literary work. This, I have always felt, is the profound mark of his unique humanity. He allowed himself neither the unconvincing celebratory cant of the Allan Blooms and William Bennetts nor the unrelenting rigor of the fully fledged deconstructionist skeptic. He regularly submitted his energies to the surprises not only of the past but also of the present: in literary structures of feeling, he sought alternative attitudes and developing resistances to the dreadful politics of his country and ours.

Optimistic, charitable, gentle and large: These adjectives, so often unlikely

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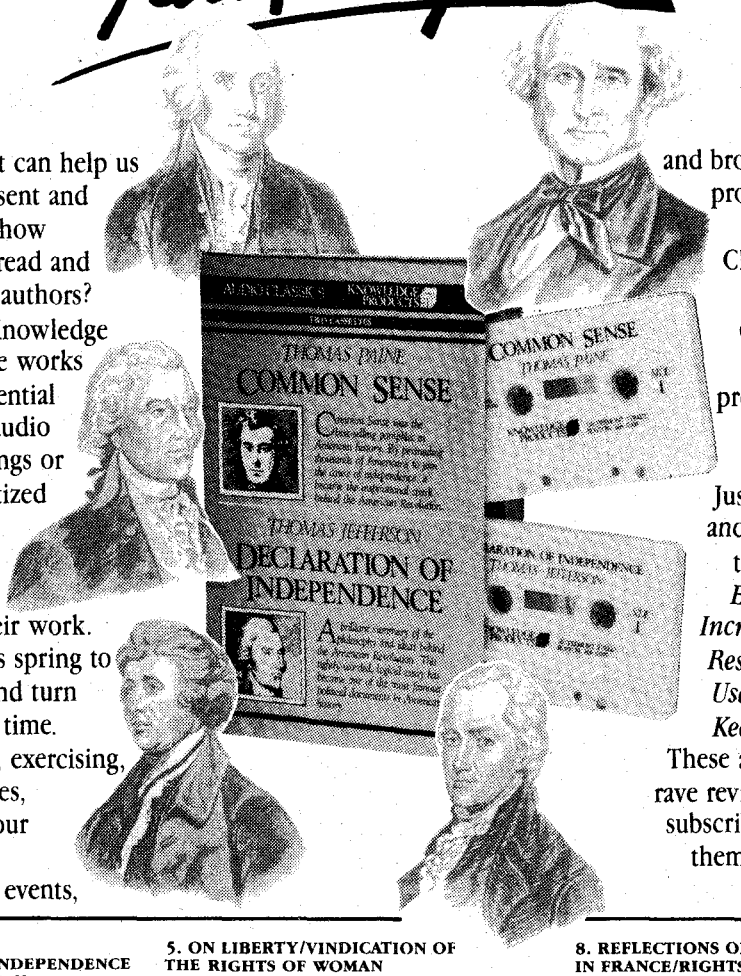

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characterizations of an academic critic of literature, are truly the signature of Williams's lifelong effort to read and write responsibly, socially, historically. In the late 1960s and after, he found European theorists to support his dissatisfaction with Eng Lit and its Leavisite exclusivity, and with the empiricism and objectivity that had lorded it over young and old readers alike. His work on Lukács, Gramsci, Timpanaro and Goldmann was soberly critical, even as he took from his Continental antecedents and peers the useful informing gestures by which they had animated the study of culture. Williams was, however, exceptionally stern with British contemporaries who, in his opinion, were unable to withstand the antileft onslaught or the "God that failed" syndrome of the cold war era. Orwell was accordingly drubbed in a book that displeased many of both men's admirers; I myself thought Williams incisive and fair.

But it was as someone who responded authentically to the resonances of British geography and history that Williams's greatest and most enduring work was done. His Welsh novels are classics, as are early works like *Culture and Society* and *The Long Revolution*, known by now to every student of English literature. His greatest sustained performance is *The Country and the City*, which, I believe, ranks with works like Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis*, Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*, Harry Levin's *Gates of Horn* and M.H. Abrams's *Natural Supernaturalism* for majesty of structure, fineness of detail, unfailing imaginative grasp and scrupulous reading. But so also, in its own way, is *Politics and Letters* a masterpiece—politically because in it Williams relocates all his previous work in subsequent debates and contexts; intellectually because his capacity for revising what he had said in earlier books seems constant, inventive, subtle. Only in his relative neglect of the affiliation between imperialism and English culture can one detect a limitation of address in Williams, the encyclopedic historian-critic.

In writing these lines of memorial admiration I recall with some trepidation Williams's own injunction (in a newspaper review of a fat hagiographic biography of Dr. Johnson) against the excesses of the biographer's standpoint, which tends to exaggerate the individual against society. Better to remember Williams in the accent of his obituary of Goldmann, where the conversational inflections, the affectionate hesitancy somehow restored the Continental Marxist to English friends and readers. What he said on that occasion applies to Williams on this: "Now and here, in respecting his memory, I take the sense he gave: of a continuing inquiry, a continuing argument, a continuing concern; of a man who made, in our time, a significant response, and with whom we can find, as I think he would have said, a significant community, a way of seeing and being and acting in the world." □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Art/artifact

In the spring months of 1907, Picasso began work on the large and fateful painting that became *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* and paid a no less fateful visit to the Musée d'Ethnographie du Trocadéro in Paris. Whether the painting opened him up to the exotic fierce effigies he saw there or if some revelatory inspiration drawn from his encounter with them gave him what he needed to achieve that masterpiece is a hidden truth in the psychochemistry of his creative genius. What is beyond historical question is the fact that the transformations induced upon Western art by the forms and cadences of that stupendous painting induced a simultaneous transformation in the perception of what continued to be called "primitive art," making it aesthetically visible. Until then the carvings and assemblages of Africa and Oceania had been viewed chiefly as ethnographic data for a science of man that addressed primitive cultures primarily as yielding analogical insights into stages through which our own culture must long since have passed. It was accordingly impossible to view their products as art except in the most marginal sense, as marking the lower boundary of a scale whose upper limits were defined by the glories with which Raphael, Correggio or Guido Reni graced high civilization. And natives, if brought as living anthropological specimens to one or another international exposition, might, if taken to the Louvre or the Musée du Luxembourg, see in the luminous images along those walls an almost impossibly distant hope. It would have been taken for granted that a scarred or painted tribesman from the Congo, shown some rude effigy from his own culture together with, say, a carving by Donatello, would have confronted evidence of his own culture's inferiority so palpable and plain that only the paternalistic consideration owed him by his betters prevented so cruel an aesthetic experiment.

Picasso changed all that. He was, to be sure, not the first artist in France to cultivate African sculpture. But he certainly transformed the way in which the world perceived it. In one way this was an unqualified matter of artistic justice. By 1920, the English critic Roger Fry was able to write, in response to an exhibition of "negro sculpture" shown at the Chelsea Book Club in London:

> The power to create expressive plastic form is one of the greatest human achievements, and the names of great sculptors are handed down from generation to generation, so that it seems unfair to be forced to admit that certain nameless savages have possessed this power not only in a higher degree than we at this moment, but than we as a nation have ever possessed it. And yet that is where I find myself. I have to admit that some of these things are great sculpture—greater, I think, than anything we produced even in the Middle Ages.

"I went to see the carvings," Fry's friend Virginia Woolf wrote to her sister Vanessa, "and I found them dismal and impressive. . . . If I had one on the mantelpiece I should be a different sort of character—less adorable, as far as I can make out, but somebody you wouldn't forget in a hurry." Woolf, I think, is closer to the mark than Roger Fry, who was an aesthetic formalist and so saw in these works only those qualities that appeared to license the affinities upon which the Museum of Modern Art erected its flawed exhibition "Primitivism" in 20th Century Art, in 1984. For Fry, these objects "have the special qualities of sculpture in a higher degree. They have indeed complete plastic freedom . . . rare in sculpture." So they do. Fry was judging them in just the terms he would have applied to Praxiteles or Bernini, subtracting, as irrelevant, considerations of naturalism in representation, which Picasso had in any case put in brackets. By those criteria, he perceived them as superlative exercises in plastic art. "Heaven knows what real feeling I have about anything after hearing Roger discourse," Woolf wrote, waspishly; but she clearly responded to something shuddering and unsettling in

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these works to which Fry was rendered numb by his aestheticism. And Fry's response was the price this sculpture paid for its ascension to the exalted precincts of the world's great art: It was ripped from the contexts in which it perhaps did things vastly more important to its makers than squatting in the company of rare and pricey artworks. In its native provinces, this sculpture was vested with powers Western art has not been capable of for centuries, except for those special religious cases in which a certain madonna or some sacred bambino is believed miraculous and worshiped for its powers.

The sorts of reciprocal artistic transformation that the interchange between Picasso and Africa exemplify are characteristic of the history of Western art. They testify to the restlessness of a tradition that constantly confronts its own history. Works rise and fall in the general esteem in consequence of the different perspectives into which they are thrust by the creation of other artworks, which impose upon them standards and criteria undreamed of by the artists who made them. At the same time, we are tormented by the question of how works that have been retroactively transformed by later art were originally seen and understood. Try to imagine what Cézanne would look like today if Cubism had never been invented! On the other hand, we do know something about how African art must have looked to earlier generations in the West, since missionaries, exploiters and anthropologists brought it back in crateloads and housed it in the kind of natural history museum in which Picasso had his vision. There, the masks and figurines of Africa were placed as specimens in glass study cases alongside items of domesticity—garments, culinary utensils and weapons arranged in patterns whose closest analog in our culture is the knife-and-scissors display in the Hoffritz window or the cards of ranked and ordered buttons in the notions shop. All the objects shown were indifferently "wog work," and the distinction between primitive artwork and primitive artifact, if drawn at all, was somewhat in favor of the latter.

Bit by bit pieces of African art found their way out of the vitrines and showcases of the natural history museum, first to the ateliers of advanced French artists, later to the Chelsea Book Club, to the Barnes Foundation collection and on to the Michael Rockefeller Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (missing Virginia Woolf's mantelpiece along the way). In so doing, they left behind the pots and spears, the combs and hairpins, the needlecases and aprons, the spoons and stools and spools. But lately certain avant-garde artists in the West have begun to produce works that look remarkably like the things left behind as African artifacts. Modernist sensibility opened our eyes to the polished surfaces, the rhythmic ornamentation and the clean forms of African carving, and Cubism taught us to accept the rearrangement of features in the interest of expressions other than those naturalism would allow. But postmodern sensibility has made accessible to us materials that defy formalist regimentation and that heretofore our artistic traditions had no use for: rope, feathers, flax, shells, even blood and bones. Some such neoprimitive works, for example those by Nancy Graves, found their way into the Museum of Modern Art show, raising the question of whether they will liberate what we had regarded as mere artifacts, as Picasso liberated what we dismissed as mere fetishes. Are those artifacts, as it were, going to follow their peers and be recognized as art by aesthetes who have been transformed to rec-

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Translated by Renée Riese Hubert
and Judd D. Hubert

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By André Breton
Translated by Mary Ann Caws

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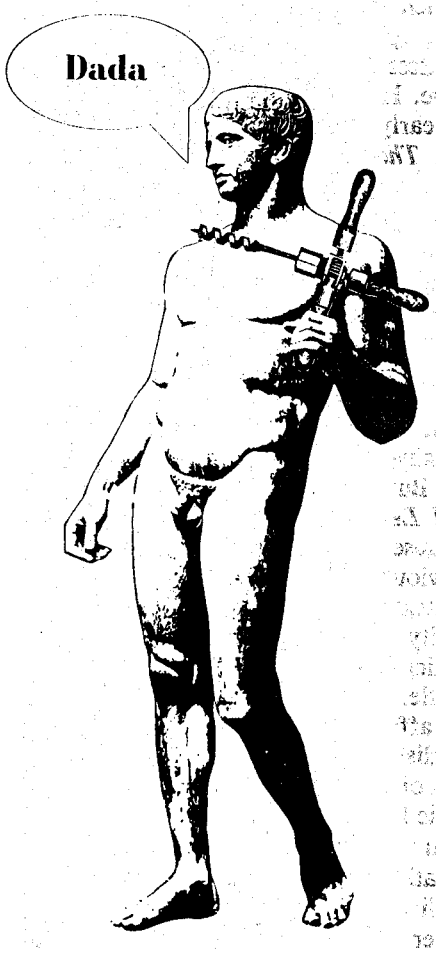

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ognize them as such? If Picasso revealed the artistic greatness of Mbagani masks and manikins from Zaire, will Graves and Robert Morris do as much for objects that have languished under a lesser identity as artifacts?

This is the animating query for a marvelous, instructive and ingenious exhibition, Art/artifact, at the Center for African Art in Manhattan (54 East 68th Street) until April 17. It is the latest and, to my mind, the best in a brilliant series of exhibitions conceived and installed by the center's director, Susan Vogel, who has sought in each to show some of the finest African art and at the same time raise the question of how that art is to be looked at. For there is, after all, an initial question to be faced: whether this is primarily visual art at all, or at least so within the disinterested spectatorial gaze we acquire in learning the conventions of the fine arts museum. Walter Benjamin distinguishes between art that exists chiefly in order to be displayed and art that, because made for ritual practices, is intended to be hidden from profane eyes and revealed only at appropriate moments, even to the eyes of initiates. The latter works are fraught with dangers and filled with powers of a kind that works constructed specifically for exhibition value and aesthetic pleasure scarcely can be supposed to have. The art museum is a pretty sanitizing enclave. Sometimes, of course, we exhibit works of the cultic order as we exhibit the heads of animals we have killed, as signs of conquered power. And some of this spirit is carried over even in works made primarily for exhibition: A fair number of the world's great museums are furnished with the ravished artworks of defeated peoples. Still, in their original contexts, most of what we class as primitive art was not intended to be responded to aesthetically, even if aesthetic excellence was acknowledged as an index that the deep and important powers had been captured. It is this excellence perhaps, that enabled the works that chilled Virginia Woolf to make the transition to the museums of fine arts and to elicit admiration from Roger Fry for their plastic values. But a lot of great art existed on the same two levels, even if one of them has been forgotten. There are altarpieces in our museums that were meant to be seen as visitations, in the light of holy candles, from the posture of an adorer. No one falls to his knees before Caravaggio's *Madonna of the Rosary*, but by simply looking at it while standing, we lose a lot of its structure and composition along with its primary purpose and meaning. In Africa, even today, works of art are concealed from alien eyes and are believed to hold powers which must be understood—perhaps even accepted—as preconditions for responding to the work in the intended way. These two dimensions of artistic reality define the dilemma any center for African art must resolve. (The ill-conceived National Museum of African Art in Washington, D.C., solved it by forcing its visitors to descend underground, hence metaphorically, perhaps, to enter the underworld, in order to see its holdings displayed like gems in illuminated cases.)

The New York Center for African Art occupies an elegant townhouse. In the current exhibition, the first object that strikes the eye upon entering the ground floor gallery is a hunting net, folded and tied, hauled back as an artifact of the Zande people by Herbert Lang in 1910. There is little doubt that were you to see an identical object displayed and illuminated just as the net is, but placed in one of the alcoves of the Guggenheim Museum or in a chaste corner of the Museum of Modern Art, it would be instantly accepted as a work of art—dense, mysterious, even beautiful, perhaps by Jackie Winsor or Eva Hesse. That something just like it could be a work of art does not—or does it?—make this object, of conspicuous utility to its makers, a work of art. The catalog entry says the Zande net "bears a completely spurious resemblance to a work of modern art." Well, nothing the eyes can tell you will tell you whether it is art or artifact, and in order to get some purchase on the difference—and on the difference it makes—you may need recourse to a long catalog essay by Arthur C. Danto. The same question is raised over and over again by objects that would be artistically beautiful if they were "works of art." Above the net is a large rectangle of cloth—a woman's dress, from Zaire, but patched with such abstract artistry that it is difficult not to believe it is a modern painting (it could be by Klee if it were). To the right and just behind, in one of the wall cases, are three hair ornaments from the Mangbetu, shapes like futuristic ivory mushrooms or wickedly useless golf tees. On the left is a forest of memorial effigies from Kenya, tall, doll-shaped paddles with circular heads and abstractly ornamented trunks. The effigies straddle the conceptual line between art and artifact it will be your problem to draw—but once more, were a contemporary sculptor to fill a gallery with figures like that, with visitors passing among them as through columns or steles, it would be the sensation of the season. Meanwhile, the memorial effigy is going to be your guide as you go from room to room, as it takes on a different identity from gallery to gallery—a curiosity, an artifact, a work of art.

Not satisfied with raising a difficult philosophical question in the medium of 160 brilliantly selected objects (from three anthropological collections, all founded in the 1860s: the Buffalo Museum of Science, the Hampton University Museum and the American Museum of Natural History), the center has also chosen to anthropologize its own culture by showing how African objects have been and continue to be shown and seen in different institutional settings. In the first of the upstairs galleries, for example, you enter a Curiosity Room, lined with dark oak cases and cabinets, and composing the atmosphere of a high-minded Victorian didactic space. One almost sees motes rising in the musty air, past fading photogravures of dignified indigenes, to settle back among the objects, beaded and carved, brought back by men in pith helmets, borne in bales by grinning blacks, for our instruction and edification. In this room, the memorial effigy stands in a corner, like an abandoned cricket bat, across from the fanned spears, as if awaiting classification and consignment. The cases are full of marvels. In the next room, we encounter a diorama, in which a realistic effigy of a Mujikenda craftsman fashions a memorial effigy while other waxwork kibitzers

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look on in awe. An African visitor to the center will see how natives of our culture look at the objects they have taken away from her culture. In the diorama room, the center has in effect put the museum *in* a museum, enabling the African tourist—or just us—to become conscious of the way we have become conscious of other cultures.

In the very top galleries, everything is placed in the smart plexiglass cases of the contemporary art museum, and the African can study us studying, as precious objects and works of art, objects she too sees as works of art, but under quite different perspectives, as well as objects not seen as works of art at all. One of the cases holds some elegant spears, peers to those that were mere curiosities in the Curiosity Room. One of the cases holds our memorial effigy, the circumstances of presentation erasing the doubts that generated the exhibition. Each thing, by being in effect put on a pedestal, receives the kind of attention works of art are deemed to merit in our culture, which has decided that art belongs in museums and that the suitable way to respond to it is aesthetically and visually. Our African might feel she has entered some sacred space and is standing among our gods. This is not the way she relates to her gods, embodied in works of art that become, on special fraught occasions, unhidden, like dangerous truths, bearers of great powers the artists of her culture have the gift of knowing how to capture. Alongside *this* gift, the talent for making works of exhibitive art is almost paltry.

When I was invited to compose a philosophical essay on the distinction between art and artifact for the catalog of this exhibition, it was impossible to resist. That is a question absolutely up my alley as a philosopher, and I was able to carry my thought on such matters a few notches forward. What I had not counted on was how marvelously the theme was to be carried out in the installation, nor how cleverly the question would be raised with the objects themselves. Nor was I prepared for the power and beauty of the objects. It is a fascinating show quite apart from its conceptual premises, full of things to gratify the Roger Fry, the Virginia Woolf, the anthropologist and the philosopher in us all.

Art/artifact will have a number of venues after it closes in New York: Buffalo Museum of Science, May 15–August 28; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, September 20–October 30; Henry Art Gallery, Seattle, February 15–April 16, 1989; Cincinnati Art Museum, May 14–August 27, 1989; Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh, September 30–December 10, 1989; Denver Museum of Natural History, January 7–March 3, 1990. As each of these has an architecture different from that of a New York City townhouse, the installations will be different in each place. I wish I could see them all. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Tony n' Tina's Wedding
Loose Ends
Cave Life

Between every live audience and troupe of players there is an unspoken understanding that the audience is somehow more than mere viewers of the action on stage, that they are participants in an age-old rite. Usually that participation is limited to laughter and applause; sometimes it is acknowledged, as when an actor delivers an aside, or a Greek chorus undertakes to speak for us. It may go further: The audience may vote for its preferred denouement (*Drood*, *The Night of January 16th*); they may be encouraged to sing and/or dance along (*Dionysus in '69*, *Oil City Symphony*, et al.); they may even be invited to cross the magic threshold of the stage's fourth wall and choose their own ghostly viewpoints, as in *Tamara*, now at the Park Avenue Armory (and in such nontheatrical venues as Disneyland's simulated environments and battle recreations). But a new high-water mark in the pleasures and risks of audience participation has been established with the production by the comedy troupe Artificial Intelligence of *Tony n' Tina's Wedding*.

One can't really call it a play: It is more a comic simulation of a working-class Italian wedding, complete with priest, photographer and caterers. From the moment one arrives at Washington Square Church on West 4th Street and is seated by Dominick ("Fats") Fabrizzi (James Altuner) or one of his fellow ushers, until one's departure from Carmelita's on East 14th Street, where the reception is catered, the pretense that one is taking part in bona fide nuptial rites is never relaxed. Admittedly, what transpires is often grotesque, but haven't we all been to real weddings of which the same might be said? Just relax, and you'll never know it's art. When the wedding party posed for its photograph on the steps of the church, with the audience gathered on the sidewalk below waiting to hurl their handfuls of rice, another crowd assembled across the street, positively beaming at this real-life harlequinade of a wedding. *They* believed we were real.

The audience was on its own to get from the church to Carmelita's, some thirteen blocks away, in the newly but not completely gentrified area known as Little Egypt (named for the four pyramid-capped towers of the Zeckendorf building). There the full-participatory fun could begin, as one mingled with the bride and groom's families and sampled the lip-puckering artichoke dip passed around by the caterer's obsequious son (Mickey Abbate). The groom's aged grandmother (Denise Moses) was on hand, distributing valuable discount coupons with dotty abandon, as well as Sister Albert Maria (Elizabeth Herring), who'd led the singing at the church and with whom I had the pleasure of dancing when we were both a little tiddly on the water everyone pretended was vodka. (There was a cash bar for those whose imagination couldn't change water to wine.)

Naturally the bride and groom were the stars of the occasion and the cynosure of all eyes, and less venturesome members of the audience could have had a perfectly satisfying time just spectating the main event. Mark Nassar, who played Tony Nunzio, the groom, has a face that is inherently funny, as though the young Jimmy Cagney were doing a Mr. Magoo imitation, and Nancy Cassaro as Valentina Lynne Vitale Nunzio had the goofy, gawkish charm of Shelley Duvall in Altman's *Popeye*. In all there were twenty-three performers (not counting a four-man band), each one a fully developed character ready to gossip or dance or show you family photographs. My favorite piece of interaction was with Michael Just (played by Jack Fris), a former boyfriend of the bride, who was taking the loss of Tina very hard. With the liberty of make-believe, I made some rather tactless jokes at Michael's expense when our paths crossed at the reception, to which he reacted with such Buster Keatonish grimaces of mute reproach that I had to

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remind myself that my rudeness, and his flinching, were only playacting.

There was a good deal more fun, from the simple pleasure of dancing with the friend who'd come with me (and who, as we left, was reproached, as though *she* were Michael's mother, for signing her son out of his drug rehab program prematurely) to ziti and wedding cake (not gourmet fare but no worse than reality sometimes serves up), the pleasures customary to a wedding reception. But there was also the added thrill that art uniquely gives of seeing an ordinary event through the microscope of mimesis.

In sum, a wonderful idea, for which the printed program particularly credits the artistic director of Artificial Intelligence, Nancy Cassaro, though credit for directing the show goes to Larry Pelligrini. The logistical problems of regulating the flow of so many roving, interactive improvisations and the many set pieces that provide a narrative continuity are daunting, and Pelligrini and all the A.I. company deserve top honors for their accomplishment. Tickets are $40 (which does not include taxi fare between the church and Carmelita's or the price of drinks, if any), but considering the 3-to-1 audience-to-cast ratio, and the fact that performances are limited to two per week (Saturday and Sunday afternoons from 2 to 5:30), ***Tony n' Tina's Wedding*** represents theatrical value-for-money of a high order. See it if you can, and bring the kids if you have any to bring. Children are the best pretenders, and they were the one missing element at the performance I attended.

Some readers may have misgivings about the propriety of turning the social rituals of working-class Queens Italians into a source of entertainment. Carmelita's, after all, is not a theater: thousands of authentic wedding receptions have taken place beneath its tacky chandeliers (among Hispanics more often than Italians, but that's a quibble). What is to prevent another meta-theatrical entrepreneur from offering us, say, a dinner at a Salvation Army soup kitchen with a night in a simulated city shelter? There could be participatory airline hijackings for those with an appetite for Grand Guignol, or even, with a budget big enough, U.F.O. abductions. To those who have such qualms I would suggest that it has always been the purpose of dramatic art to enlarge the sphere of our social sympathies and awareness, and that to be plunged into a simulated environment is not only good entertainment but sound social psychology. I'm sure I would function in a friendlier and freer manner at the wedding of a real Tony n' Tina for having had the chance to rehearse with Artificial Intelligence, just as pilots fly more skillfully thanks to their hours of simulation.

As for the Bedlam-visiting aspect, I would suggest that in the interest of fairness ***all*** social classes be fair game for the simulator's art. The very rich could earn a much prettier penny when they open their stately homes to visitors, if they would have troupes like Artificial Intelligence on hand to let us be voyeurs of more than their furniture. No doubt, in less talented hands than A.I.'s, a drama in this simulated form could be as dull or silly or inept as the many dull, silly and inept plays one sees framed by a proscenium, but until such time as familiarity has bred other feelings, I remain knocked out.

Michael Weller is an actor's playwright. He creates nuanced, well-rounded characters that an audience can fall in love with or laugh at or loathe. Of the eleven roles modeled in ***Loose Ends***, his 1979 ***comédie larmoyante*** revived at The Second Stage at Broadway and 76th Street, only two fail to provide an opportunity to do something memorable, and the leading role of Paul is the stuff matinee idols are born from. Paul progresses from being a Balinese beach bum (there's a flash of full frontal male nudity that places the action precisely in 1970, just when such things had become possible) to a much sadder and balder yuppie with nothing to show for the decade of the 1970s but a carousel of slides of happier days. His tragedy is a result of falling in love with and marrying Susan, a woman who prefers a career in photography and a posh apartment to the trials of child rearing, while Paul is the soul of philoprogenitivity. This no-fault conflict leads to a no-fault divorce, and that's the plot. Happily, Weller's play is like life in offering a steady succession of passing pleasures that beguile the hours on the way to Paul's catastrophe. These include: Alexandra Gersten and Bill Kux as a pair of smug yoga cultists, Paul Guilfoyle as our hero's supremely creepy older brother, Joseph Sicari as a feather-headed gay ad man and Larry Fishburne and Park Overall as a fast-talking black carpenter and his fecund redneck girlfriend. In the starring roles of Paul and Susan,

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Terry Kinney and Jane Kaczmarek perform with great virtuosity, and whether or not you'll enjoy the play depends on your response to virtuoso performances in general. My own uneasy feeling was that *Loose Ends* was like one of those violin competitions where everyone has to perform the Mendelssohn concerto. The point of such performances has less to do with the Art of Music than with the employment opportunities opened to the winners. Terry Kinney and Jane Kaczmarek, and director Irene Lewis as well, all seem ready to move on to feature films or, lacking that, the soaps.

David Steven Rappaport's *Cave Life* at Circle Repertory aspires to being a similar vehicle for virtuoso acting, but it has engine problems that doom the best efforts of its cast. Rappaport's premise is actually more promising than Weller's. One feels that Paul and Susan could have solved their problem with just a small assist from a good marriage counselor, but Rappaport's heroine, Charleston, is a schizophrenic housewife adrift in a marriage that is a sinking boat. Her despair takes the onstage form of a compensatory hallucination of a Neanderthal lover called Enki. Such phantasmal characters, visible to only one person onstage and the audience, can lead to all kinds of theatrical fun and games, but Enki is a dud apparition. As played by the physically miscast Bruce McCarty, the caveman of Charleston's fantasies has the personality, affective range and physical mannerisms of a sick pup. His grammar comes straight out of a Tarzan movie—and why not, since its source is Charleston's fantasies. But Enki never says anything in his jungle lingo that is interesting or revelatory of the heroine's inner conflicts; his presence never impinges on anyone else in the play. Indeed, all of Rappaport's characters—the husband's autistic teenage son by an earlier marriage, Charleston's resolutely uncaring mother—are champions at ignoring one another. It could be argued that precisely that is the play's subject, but that simply defines the area that the playwright has failed to illumine, it doesn't extenuate his failure.

Aside from McCarty, who signally misses the opportunity to cavort in a role that would have allowed any amount of physical comedy, the cast ought not to be singled out for blame in not bringing to life characters to whom the author has bequeathed so little. However, Circle Repertory, the sponsoring organization, deserves a long, reproachful look for having graduated *Cave Life* from its playwrights' workshop to a full-scale production despite the manifest wonkiness of its going-nowhere plot. Indeed, *Cave Life* confirms my suspicion that workshops are no way for plays to be written. What *Cave Life* conspicuously lacks is inner life, fire, impelling motive in its central characters, and these can't be fiddled into existence by a committee. Circle Rep has a vested interest in showcasing the products of its workshop (where William Hoffman's admirable *As Is* originated), but to show something so quarter-baked as *Cave Life* is a false generosity to its author and a betrayal of Circle Rep's subscribers' good will. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 290*)

Commentary. One has to suspect him of belonging to that rare species of rightist-leftists, whose liberalism is distinctly illiberal. In other words, he is in a frightful muddle. Yet he does not hesitate in telling us how top intellectuals judge "the quality of scholarship." He seems to have most of the qualifications of a senior historian at Stanford, and should apply immediately.

Norman Davies

HISTORIC RESPONSIBILITY

New Haven

Jon Wiener argues that Norman Davies was justly denied a chair at Stanford University because he was judged by his peers and found wanting in scholarship. This is not a tenable position, for reasons I would like to summarize as briefly as I can.

Historians had an opportunity to judge Davies as the author of a two-volume history of Poland, *God's Playground*, which in this age of specialization and collective undertakings was a feat of scholarship. Davies was reviewed twice when promoted to a readership and then professorship at the prestigious School of Slavonic and East European Studies of London University, and again when he was appointed to Stanford and then considered for the permanent chair. In each case he received a full endorsement from his fellow historians.

Wiener not only seems to ignore all this but he remarked, ironically, that Davies "is widely recognized as being among the world's leading historians of Poland—although there aren't many others." Ignorance may be bliss, but I would be happy to provide Wiener with a sizable list of reputable historians of Poland. Finally, he seems to regard the slender majority that defeated

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Davies's candidacy, which comprised no specialist in the field and concentrated all its objections on one chapter (out of twenty-two), as the true judgment by the profession. The chapter concerned the delicate issue of wartime Jewish-Polish relations, and even if one assumes that Davies lacked sensitivity and leaned excessively toward Polish interpretations, let us remember that he was not being considered to teach Jewish or even Jewish-Polish history.

But there is more to it. Were the critics of Davies sufficiently well versed even in the field that they had singled out? If the arguments advanced by Wiener are indicative of the critics' expertise, they certainly were not. His remarks on how the Poles could have helped the Jews during Nazi occupation reveal an embarrassing ignorance of the conditions prevailing there. How could one hide 3 million people who by their dress, speech and appearance were instantly identifiable? Only about 10 percent of the Jewish population was assimilated, and when Wiener mentions the figure of 5 percent who were hiding outside the Warsaw ghetto we come closer to realities. The suggestion that the Poles could have prevented deportation to the Treblinka death camp by "cutting the rail line" is utterly naïve. And how many people who proffer advice in 1988 from Irvine would have been willing to risk their own life and that of their family by harboring a Jew under Nazi occupation?

There are other instances of shaky argumentations and imperfect knowledge. The uprising in the Warsaw ghetto was not the first "armed, organized resistance to the Nazi occupier." It is untrue that "up to that point the Polish underground had done nothing." It is incorrect to say that "6 million Poles died in Nazi camps." I would be happy to elaborate on all these points if Wiener so desires.

One can only conclude that, contrary to Jon Wiener's assertion, the vote at Stanford was hardly a convincing case of historians "judging their own." To praise them for "fulfilling their responsibilities as intellectuals" is odd indeed.

Piotr S. Wandycz
Yale University

UNSUITED

Palo Alto, Calif.

In his article referring to the case of Norman Davies against Stanford University, Jon Wiener included the following sentence: "Moreover, Davies's suit will charge that the defendants 'met secretly and conspired among themselves' to 'cause defendant severe emotional distress.'" No such charge is included in the suit.

Davies's lawsuit is against Stanford University; it remains to be ascertained in discovery proceedings which individuals did what during the process of charging that Davies's political views were "insensitive to the Jews and unacceptably defensive of the behavior of the Poles," the alleged primary basis for his rejection by Stanford.

Paul N. McCloskey Jr.
Attorney for Norman Davies

WIENER REPLIES

Irvine, Calif.

Paul McCloskey sent me a copy of Davies's second amended complaint, paragraph thirteen of which declares "A group of Stanford employees and others including defendants . . . met secretly and conspired among themselves." If that doesn't appear in the version McCloskey filed in court, it's because he took it out—presumably because he had no evidence it was true.

Norman Davies has written a witty and spirited defense of his lawsuit against Stanford and of Polish treatment of the Jews during World War II; on the latter subject I find it hard to match his wit.

My article raised two related questions: Did Stanford have an obligation to offer a job to Davies, as he argues in his lawsuit? Second, what are the merits of Davies's scholarly work?

My criticism of Davies's work addressed his statement that "to ask why the Poles did little to help the Jews is rather like asking why the Jews did nothing to assist the Poles." Davies protests that that's only one sentence, what about all the other sentences he wrote? But that sentence expresses his central thesis defending the conduct of the Poles under the Nazi occupation. I argued that his thesis was wrong. Although the Poles faced execution if they were caught helping Jews, they, and particularly the Polish underground, could have done more to help the Jews. Davies and Wandycz scornfully reject this argument—it's "illiteracy," Davies says; there were too many Polish Jews, Wandycz says, 3 million of them, and their "speech and appearance" made them "identifiable." Of course no one has suggested that all 3 million Polish Jews could have been saved. But a greater Polish effort could undoubtedly have saved *some*.

Let us assume for the moment that Davies and Wandycz are right: There was nothing the Poles could have done to protect Jews from extermination. The Poles were forced by the Nazis to be helpless witnesses to the murder of their neighbors and fellow citizens, old and young alike. That should provoke anguish and despair. Yet one finds no trace of such a sentiment in the comments of Davies and Wandycz about the fate of Poland's Jews. Instead, we have Wandycz's cool appeal to "expertise" that has decided the question and Davies's sarcasm about arguments based on "TV docudrama."

Not all Poles take this position. Ela Szlufik of Jagiellonian University in Kraków has recently written about Norman Davies in *Tikkun*: "I would rather that he did not retouch the past. The history of Poland was sufficiently great and heroic, and there is no need, therefore, to conceal its faults."

Jon Wiener

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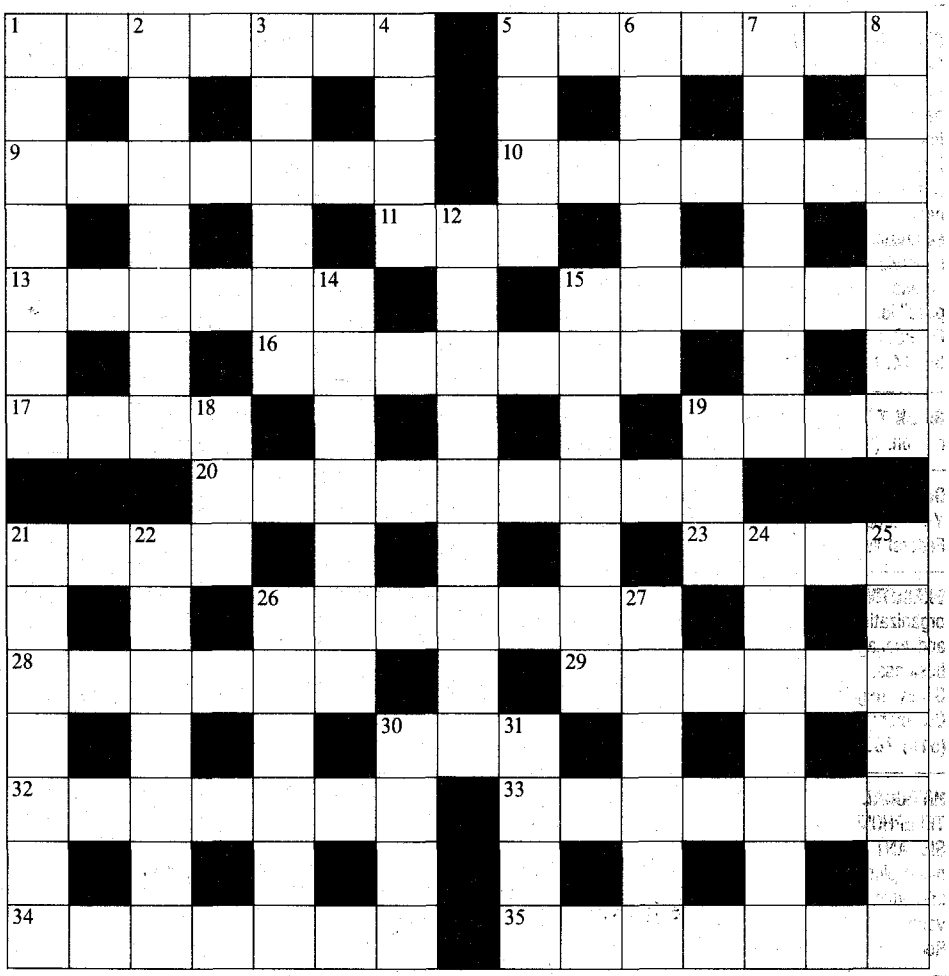

ACROSS

1 and 5 The man who started this sounds as though he might make waves—as a challenge to your credulity. (7,2,2,3)
9 In part, the big nob lets you get rather low. (7)
10 After spoil, can one drink? (7)
11 and 14 down An abbreviated term of disapprobation on what some buildings have lots of? They're intended to tear your heart out! (3,7)
13 The rock sounds proper, but the result singes badly. (6)
15 Where some players look for a bicycle, as tar is often called to appear. (2,4)
16 Producing a buck, perhaps, about enough for a drink. (7)
17 Wised up about something? (One might get this an airplane.) (4)
19 Make money the old-fashioned way with quiet spirit. (4)
20 A foreign dance is a long way off, and takes encouragement from the Spaniard. (9)
21 In this is unbroken diplomacy. (4)
23 The alphabet goes to extremes in back around it, but one is associated with a crooked cross. (4)
26 Is in Paris to take a fancy meal around it, with a way to settle in advance . . . (7)
28 . . . as it follows. (6)
29 One of these is not (by the sound of it) "reading," for example, in common language viewed from the wrong perspective. (6)
30 Likely to be abbreviated quarters. (3)
32 Circular letter to distribute with the speech. (7)
33 See 8 down
34 and 35 Is after a wild beast around it, with the policeman serving as contact. (7,7)

DOWN

1 and 21 down Heat the water for what you might do with a hot compress, with inflammation. (5,2,3,4)
2 Being merciful, some of the fallen I entertain. (7)
3 Take me up to your leader, if you work, and work with some relief. (6)
4 Theres some point to the word of agreement made by the flirty type. (4)
5 One has to have a degree to make a foot offer. (4)
6 Moving the boat, making a circle after circle combination. (6)
7 A certain amount of greenness with it, with a possibly vain start to the season overseas. (7)
8 and 33 across If you're searching for something with anesthetic properties, do as the mind reader says. (5,2,1,6)
12 You wouldn't get it "from the bottom of your heart"—but console the spot where you might find it. (5,4)
14 See 11 across
15 Continuing to be like the morning commuters? (7)
18 Think of this without his frequent poetic form. (3)
19 Where the pig goes is more powerful than an outpouring of words, reputedly. (3)
21 See 1 down
22 It takes a number to fool Miss Gardner with something like tapioca. (7)
24 This kind of dancing brings up a rather dull matter when the spooks are around! (7)
25 Write this in more certainly, since you might have a policy to deal with one. (7)
26 This food is cake, but such have a very bad heart in more ways than one. (6)
27 It's no good to bring up the pipe around it—so just swallow altogether. (6)
30 Soon to be well known? Quite the opposite! (4)
31 You can make such a pitch with nothing to eat! (4)

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CHRISTOPHER LASCH on Culture & Capitalism

That cultural conservatives should oppose capitalism almost goes without saying. The free market is the great destroyer of tradition. It fosters a rootless, restless mode of life. It promotes change for the sake of change. Its ideal embodiment and symbol is the bulldozer, by means of which the real estate interests plough under the past and put it up for sale.

The "traditional values" invoked by capitalistic conservatism are the values of the man on the make, land speculator, promoter, gambler, Indian fighter, and cultural outlaw — the rugged individualist, in short, who lets nothing stand in the way of a quick killing. The past it romanticizes is the age of the gold rush, the mining camp, and the six-shooter. How anyone can confuse this crude celebration of the predatory instinct with conservatism is a mystery that still awaits elucidation.

Another mystery is how socialism came to be identified with the cult of technology. Socialism ought to mean a respect for limits, a sense of place, a recognition of mutual dependence, a rejection of material abundance as the only requirement of a good life. But the socialist ideal as we know it today offers little in the way of an alternative to capitalism. It is the product of 19th-century optimism and an outdated Darwinian theory of social evolution. "Dialectical materialism" welcomes the giant corporation, the division of labor that reduces the worker to an automaton, the multiplication of needs and wants, and the insatiable appetite for change as the foundations of a new order. Actually, it conceives of socialism as capitalism without the capitalist. "Unparalleled nonsense," Gustave Landauer, himself a socialist, called it.

But if socialism means the common ownership of land, employee-controlled enterprises, a labor-intensive economy, the restoration of craftsmanship, the conservation of scarce resources, and a more modest standard of living, an alliance of cultural conservatism and socialism ought to be irresistible. But socialism seldom means those things today — which is probably why it elicits so little enthusiasm.

We face a doubly daunting task: to take cultural conservatism back from the capitalists and socialism from the socialists. Not work for the faint-hearted!

— adapted from the NEW OXFORD REVIEW

These comments from Christopher Lasch say much about the vision of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Edited by lay Catholics, the REVIEW is an ecumenical, ethically rooted, and politically progressive monthly exploring ever-fresh and animating ideas at a time when the Reagan Revolution has gone up in flames and a still-weary liberalism stumbles about in the smoky ruins. Looking beyond bromides, we take inspiration from such giants as Dorothy Day, R.H. Tawney, Archbishop Tutu, Simone Weil, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Emmanuel Mounier, and Archbishop Romero.

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